

THE
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1829.

NO. IX.

THE PROFESSION OF AUTHORSHIP.

WHY is it, that, prone as we are, as a nation, to improve upon all the new inventions which foreign talents have brought to light, we have none among us who have taken up the profession of authorship, which has been made so important by the wise men of the East? We complain that all the old and beaten avenues to wealth and fame are crowded to overflowing by those who have the start of younger men in the pursuit. We constantly hear dire complaints of the vanity and vexation of spirit which attend the study of the learned professions. The manufacturers are predicting that without protection they shall be ruined, and we are sometimes afraid from the mournful remarks which we hear on the state of commerce, that we must sooner or later become insulated from the rest of the world, from mere inability to defray the expenses of the intercourse. Yet still the law offices, and the lecture rooms, and the theological seminaries are well filled, spinning jennies are kept in motion, and our flag is known in every quarter of the world. But no one sets himself down to write literature; it is never thought of by poor men as a means of getting along in the world. The muses are courted as the pleasant companions of a leisure hour, not as the constant partners of life. There is scarcely a professed author in the United States. America has been such a busy world of itself, that men have hitherto employed their talents in the practical concerns of life, and have been content to receive their literature at second hand from the old world, together with other new importations. A few bright geniuses have risen among us, but after enlivening our literary horizon for a little while, they have generally passed away to Europe to shine in their meridian splendor over its classic lands. Can it be thought that there a greater admiration is rendered to their light than in the land of their rising—that the mists which obscure the upward vision have

not yet been cleared away by the progress of improvement here. Can it be that we are less capable of appreciating and less prompt in rewarding literary eminence than the older nations. We believe not. The fault is not in the community. Even from across the Atlantic we welcome with national pride the productions of native genius. But nevertheless it may well be doubted, whether, if the same books which have been received here as the works of Americans in Europe had been written in our own land, they would have been read with the same respect. There is as much subserviency to fashion in literature as in dress or any of the thousand things which we take upon trust from the opinions of those who have always been accustomed to lead the public mind, and who are therefore looked upon with deference long after leading has become unnecessary.

The strongest proof of our being an infant nation is to be found in our literature. In such a wilderness as this country once was, it was absolutely necessary to borrow many things from the old world, and after once forming the habit, it was the most natural thing imaginable that we should become their debtors for all.

As our resources have been developed, we have, however, much to the grief of our benevolent caterers in Europe, shown that we have been able to reach to many things which, before, like school-boy urchins, we had seen placed over our heads, but beyond our grasp, and which we could only obtain by craving the assistance of the more matured height and longer arms of our European kindred. They have often placed hard conditions upon us, as the price of their assistance—conditions at one time very much against our interest, and at another (which we have of course felt more severely, as children will,) very much against our pride, and therefore as a spirit of freedom prompted us to become politically independent, the strong motives of interest and pride have ever been busy to render us so in regard to the necessities and refinements of life. We have struggled most manfully in our stripling strength, and though our over-eagerness has sometimes led us into the imminent hazard of breaking our precious necks, or emptying our precious purses, (which in a national point of view are one and the same thing,) we have thus far fully exemplified the truth of the old adage, "*crede te posse, et potes.*"

It is somewhat remarkable however, that while we have been making these improvements in whatever is merely physical, and obvious to the senses, we have hitherto permitted the more hidden mental energies to rest in slumber. Our labors having been all directed to the comforts of the body, the cravings of the mind have been left to the stores of ancient lore, and our belles-lettres readers have depended almost entirely upon the English press.

Do not suppose, gentle reader, that we are demanding that a national literature should spring up among us at once, and that, like the

author who only studied his own productions, we would wish to read only those books which we make ourselves. We have no wish to see a structure so magnificent as we hope our literature will one day be, spring up like the effect of Eastern enchantment. We should be glad, to be sure, to behold it early, but we should also wish to look upon it, and show it to strangers, as the work of our own hands. We distrust all hasty productions, though they may sometimes please a passing moment. They are but the light, gilded vaporings of literature, which pass through the mind without leaving any impression. They put us involuntarily in mind of the mushrooms which, after a rainy night, boys will run to gather, before the power of a single sun has rendered the field as barren as on the preceding evening.

“In the progress of human events,” it is probable that our literature may become very distinct from that of England, though it is to be hoped they will never be separated. If we judge of the future by the past, we see no reason why literature should not in the progress of time follow the course of commerce and politics. They are all branches of the same national establishment, and as the root flourishes or withers, so also will they. Literature may be a germ of slower growth, but its increase is no less sure and progressing, and the luxuriance of its fruits will richly reward us for the labor of its culture.

Our remarks at present are confined to the subjects of polite literature and belles-lettres. In periodical literature we are but beginners. Our magazines and reviews are not of so high a character as works of the same kind from the English press. But we conceive the difference to be all in our favor. It is evident from the appearance of the English magazines that they are becoming the subjects of mere profit to booksellers and authors. We would in particular mention Blackwood’s Magazine, able as it is, as a flagrant specimen of bookmaking. It is a fair representation of its species, and remarks on this one able paper may be applied with little variance to all.

In reading the articles in this work, the mind is astonished by the continual flow of elegance, of wit, of gracefulness of style, and justness of thought. But the mind is only astonished. For ourselves we must say that we are seldom pleased, except, indeed, in contemplating the effects of human ingenuity. But we sometimes like to trace the hand writing of nature, and from this floating literature she appears to be wholly excluded. We have said that this book contains a flow of elegance, but it is elegance of that sort which is the result of long habit, which is owing to the mind’s being trained by a continual acquaintance with the tricks and mummeries of society. The graver sort of these articles put us in mind of the gardens of yew and box trees, which the French romances describe, where the shrubs and plants are distorted from their natural growth and clipped into all manners of fantastic forms. And as for the

lighter pieces, instead of being like the clear springs and the beautiful brooks which murmur so pleasantly through the uncultivated woods, they resemble the artificial fountains in these same formal gardens which rise and fall with the measured curve in their carved and regular basons. There is wit too. But it is not the pure outpouring of native humor. You see that the flint and steel have been sharply in collision before the spark which flits before you is produced. There is gracefulness of style like that which you will see in the ball-room, in the stately waltz, or quick quadrille, and in the measured movements which regulate the automata of fashion. You will look in vain for that gracefulness which is born in us, which was meant to beautify both the mind and body, and which is lost rather than improved by regular tutoring. There seems to be a constant striving after effect, a desire to produce something which will make the book sell, or the article take. There are among the English belles-lettres writers, men of polished education, who look upon this writing as their stated profession, and consequently bestow great care upon it as a business, although in many instances the necessity of mental drudgery prevents them from dwelling upon it *con amore*, as a pleasure. When men begin to look upon literature merely in a mercenary view, they are apt to forget that its beauty is that of truth and nature, and too anxious calculations of interest will always deaden the inspiration of feeling.

We have said that some of the English periodical writers were men of polished educations, and we might add of superior talents. But such qualifications are not absolutely requisite. To be a diligent compiler of quaint conceits, to be able to catch the humor of the variable whim-whams and oddities of the day, ere, like the leaves of the Cumæan Sybil, they are blown into oblivion by the first breeze of fashion, and then to be able to embody these loose odds and ends in pithy sentences, and a tolerable connection, are the powers necessary for the manufacture of many much talked of essays. It is wonderful to see how the mind, even of a dull man, may be brought by constant habit to view all outward occurrences in a particular light, insomuch that matter for wit or reverie may be drawn from the most every day actions. And then it is the easiest matter in the world to communicate these views to the public, and if they are tickled with a merry thought, or pleased with a sad one, the purpose is gained and the author paid.

This kind of mental power may possibly be very hard to acquire, and very profitable when attained, but still it is the province of an inferior mind to labor on thus mechanically. We would have minds of a different and a higher stamp, engaged in the service of literature, and never we hope will their profession be looked upon as the mere means of profit.

Enduring fame, or even a passing celebrity, is worth striving for. The ancient Greeks valued the Olympic crown far more than the solid rewards which sometimes attend the exertion of modern talents. We do not wish that the "*auri sacra fames*" should be kept entirely out of the question, but it should not be made the main object of mental exertion. We would wish to see our literature the natural offspring of the imagination, the outpouring of exalted minds; but when we consider what a powerful effect the promise of "golden joys" has upon the imagination, especially of a poor man, we cannot but wish that the pen of every man of genius, might become as potent as the philosopher's stone.

Most men we believe acquire a fondness in the course of time for any profession which they may have chosen in the beginning of life. Men of kind feelings have a reverence for whatever has been the means of their rising to distinction, or has led them honorably and independently through life. If this is true with regard to other professions, how much more so must it be in respect of literature. It is such a world in itself, that it appears to have embodied all the good parts of human knowledge. By its help we ramble back through the past ages of the heroes and the demigods, we see in their splendor the Parthenon and the Pantheon, we converse at leisure with the sages of antiquity, we call up, in their glittering blazonry, the mouldering escutcheons of chivalry—we partake in those mirthful sports of "merrie Englande," which have now slumbered ages away. We create an interchange of good fellowship with the worthies of the present day. We place our bodies in our own easy chairs, and permit our minds to wander forth to the ends of the earth, and to come back again to their mortal dwelling places, enriched with the treasures of the world; and when the beautiful and the useful productions of human knowledge are gathered within, we scatter them abroad, for the benefit of those who can only see the world through the medium which we lend to them. Place a man in what situation you will, polite letters will be an ornament and a pleasure to him. In the language of Cicero, "*Hæc studia adolescentiam agunt senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*"* Such are the pleasures and duties of professedly literary men, a class which at present we do not possess. Let us look at the causes. Our men of talents are, and have been *novi homines*. They have arisen from stations which originally made them dependent on their own exertions for a rank in society. It has moreover, been the general opinion, and we believe it to be erroneous, that the gardens of literature,

* Cicero pro poeta Archia.

however thickly strown with flowers to delight the eye, have been barren of those substantial fruits which are necessary for the support of life. The experiment has not been fully made, but we believe that the pen of a poet, or a belles-lettres scholar, would be, if well employed, a better support than half of the professions which are now crowded to overflowing. We do not intend to argue the question, for the facts from which to draw our conclusions can be obtained only from experience.

There have been many young men, we believe, of as high an order of intellect as many of the well paid writers of England, who have been deterred by these objections from the profession of literature. Still, however, they have looked back with regret, to those four leisure years of college life, which they were able to devote to their favorite pursuits, and many have been influenced in the choice of a profession, by the wish, that since they could not go through life hand in hand together, they might maintain as near and intimate a connection with the muses, as possible.

We have heard men of sense speak with ardor on the subject of our having a national belles-lettres literature. We would not be understood in using this ominous word "national," to imply that a literary tariff should be imposed on foreign genius. Oh no!—let us admit the productions of other countries to a fair competition, that we may study them as models where they are superior to our own, and candidly acknowledge their superiority, that we may avoid their errors without being over-proud of our own wisdom.

System will do almost every thing, especially if carried on in a spirit of kindness towards other systems, which, with the same plan and object, are only our rivals for the meed of literary praise. Our authors must, by their own talents, persuade their critics of their mental worth; they must inspire a confidence in the public, that the time spent in reading, will not be lost; they must show that we behold the brightest gems, without casting the eye over the wide Atlantic. But the fault of Americans, with regard to the usage of literature is not that they seek for foreign publications, but that they do not read at all. It is truly said that "thrift is the characteristic of our people". Men have not yet learned to combine the '*utile dulci*.' They have but little time to spare from business, and of that little scarce the charity of a moment is bestowed upon the poor devil author. This must be the great secret after all. If people will not read, there can be no possible use in writing. Let them but begin, and it is more than an even chance, that our literature will thrive strongly and fairly under this only mode of fostering which can ever bring it to maturity.

Goldsmith, in his history of Rome, says, that "poetry is the first liberal art which rises in every civilized nation, and also the first that

decays. "The remark might be extended to the kindred branches of literature. We, too, like the Romans, have made our early attempts, though in a different manner. They, in their infancy, plunged into the midst of high-wrought tragedy, or essayed their youthful powers in the perhaps still more difficult walks of comedy. Roman literature was first hailed on the stage. We have done the reverse. We have left these arduous tasks for a future day, and have as yet only adventured in the lighter and less durable creations of fancy. We have hitherto, "cast upon the waters" nothing but the elegant trifles, which will float gaily on the surface, and by their fate, denote to us the destiny of their authors, and indicate the direction of the current of popular opinion. Perhaps we may laud our own wisdom for proceeding in this more humble path, but let us be candid enough to remember that the ancients had no choice in the matter. They had nothing like our light literature. It is altogether the creation of modern times. Two thousand years ago the human mind had not even imagined that degree of subtle refinement, that exquisite delicacy which must have been necessary for the plan and completion of so shadowy a fabric as the literature of the nineteenth century.

Let us look, for a moment longer, at the literary career of our great prototype, and take courage from it. Her literature became polished, in the course of time. It would be difficult, indeed, for a modern, who had only studied the refined language of the Augustan age, to understand the barbarisms of Andronicus, the first of the Latin authors, but in the course of a few years, we can glean the pearls scattered among the rubbish of Ennius, until at last, in the meridian time of Rome's political power, we find that immortality has been conferred upon her literature, by the genius of Horace and Virgil.

But here (national pride whispers) the comparison ends. Rome never had any original literature. She borrowed wholly from the Greeks, and with the Cæsars began to decline her power and literature together. But as it is part of the creed of every true born American, that his native land is to take the precedence of all other nations, he must conclude from the analogy of human affairs, that the superiority must extend to every imaginable thing, and to literature among the rest. True it is that as all grew, so they must all fade together, but the possibility of our retrograding, never enters a loyal bosom.

The American "notion," as it is called, of confining our national literature exclusively to native subjects, has been much derided by classical scholars, on both sides of the Atlantic. Like all other notions, this may, no doubt, be carried to an extravagant excess, and in truth, we know of nothing which renders man so ridiculous as an

overweening national conceit. But we hope our liberal brethren will allow to us the possession of talent, even if it must lie dormant because this poor country is so barren of every thing whereon to exercise it. Grant for a moment that it be so. May we not then turn to the land of our fathers, or to the classic soil, the remembrance of which is the heritage of every nation under heaven, to find a theme suited to our powers. We are not excluded from the literary arena of the old world.

Americans have entered for the contest, and have so borne themselves, as to raise their own and their country's name throughout Europe, for good report. It was left to an American to introduce the pleasant scenes of his own land to the Europeans, and to paint the Englishman in a form, which he is most proud to own. The same powerful hand has brought to light the sealed up glories of Spain, which had lain buried in the oblivion of centuries, since the long lost days of her political ascendancy. Even from the new world, which Columbus opened to Spain, has arisen an historian to do justice to his memory, and the tale of his glory shall go down to posterity, in the rich language of a son of the soil which he discovered.

It has been said that in America there are yet none of the materials of literature. There is no poetry connected with our institutions. There are no legends of romance interwoven with the dull truth of history. We have streams, indeed, which rival the Tiber, or the Rhine, and perhaps the Hudson might, in the mind of a cockney, bear some comparison with his own Thames, but the hill of Rome and the grim castles of the robber knights are wanting, to awaken the recollection of past times, nor can the stream of the west display the terrors of the tower, or

"The flower-wreathed brow of Richmond Hill"

We deny it not. We think with regret on the years of classic glory, we know that Byron has inhaled the very spirit of poetry, while breathing the airs of Parnassus ;

"Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave."

The songs of the troubadours, the scenes of courtly revel, and knightly daring, are enough to awake all the poetry which nature has bestowed upon us, and although the banks of the Thames are continually desecrated by the footsteps of that most unpoetical of all living animals, a genuine Londoner, we could still imagine that the murmur of its waters was whispering to us the tale of what it had witnessed since its conquest, in its course to the sea. But if we can forget romance for a few moments, let us look merely at the real

features of the holy land of the imagination. We find that the rocks and streams of the old world are composed of the same materials, and can be viewed in the same light as those of our own matter-of-fact country. It is association which gives them their value, and if we examine still more curiously, we shall find that we are indebted to the poets and romances alone, for having these associations presented in a light which leaves only a pleasing impression on the mind.

Let us look back to the times of chivalry, the golden age of modern dreamers. Lord Byron styles them "the most profligate of all possible centuries." He says "the vows of chivalry were no better kept then, than any other vows whatsoever, and the songs of the troubadours were not more decent, and certainly much less refined than those of Ovid. Where then is the poetry of chivalry? It flows from the pens of modern writers. It is the mere effect of fanciful musing. The imagination will, for a while, form glorious visions of past deeds of darkness, as the setting sun lights up the clouds and vapours of the horizon.

It was said by an ancient artist, (Phidias we believe,) that every block of marble contained within itself a perfect statue, which only required the chisel of the sculptor to remove the surrounding rubbish, and display its beautiful proportions. There is no *creative* power necessary to excite interest on American subjects. We already possess them, as we have been found to possess the precious gems and rich marbles which it was once thought could be found only in the vicinity of those countries, whose ancient artists have conferred an immortality upon the marble, more lasting than the stone itself. It requires but the same industry which changed the deep forest into the busy city, to effect a like change in literature. Subjects of interest lie deep in the bosom of the country. Let some literary pioneer, with as strong a hand as those which have been employed upon the already cultivated grounds of Europe, essay his strength here, and the riches of our literary resources will appear from beneath the rubbish which conceals them. It is the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves. It is wonderful to know how little the man is indebted to the theme in polite literature. He must indeed have a subject to work upon, but, as the Eastern apologue says, the bee will draw honey from the thistle, and the spider distil venom from the rose; so it depends upon the writer to array his subject in beauty, be it ever so homely, or to mar its proportions, be they ever so fair. One man will flutter about society as the splendid butterfly of literature, with a thousand pilferers in chase to rob him of his gaudy colors, wherewith to deck their own barren efforts, while another will be blown into the light of fashion, and flit his unnoticed course, like the humble miller.

To prove how interesting national subjects may be made, we need but refer to the tales of Irving and Cooper. The former has converted the good old city of New-York, into a land of story and of song. What dreams of poetry should we enjoy, if lulled to rest in the silence of Sleepy Hollow. In what vagaries might we not indulge around the scene of Rip Van Winkle's adventures in the Catskills. The scenes of the adventures of Harvey Birch and Natty Bumppo meet us at every step around the "Horican," and the interior of New-York. All this is classic ground, with a truer title to our respect and sympathy, than half of the poetic scenes of the old world. Nor are there wanting true tales of wonder to complete our national pride. We have heard of as desperate adventures of the smugglers on our eastern coast, as those of the Hero of Mid Lothian, and although we boast not of Border Moss troopers, a diligent collector of legends might discover heroes on the Canadian border, who would match with Christie of the Clint Hill, or William of Deloraine.

K. K.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

Hark to the sounding gale ! how through the soul
It vibrates, and in thunder seems to roll
Along the mountains ! Loud the forest moans,—
And, naked to the blast, the o'ermastering spirit owns.

Whirl'd in dark eddies 'mid the mother sky,
The leaves fly all abroad ; while from on high,
The ruffian winds, as if in giant mirth,
Unseat the mountain pine and headlong dash to earth !

With crest of foam, the boisterous flood no more
Flows placidly along the sylvan shore ;
But, vex'd to madness, heaves its turbid wave,
Threat'ning t' o'erleap the banks it whilom lov'd to lave.

And in the angry heavens where, wheeling low,
The languid sun emits a fitful glow,—
The clouds, obedient to the stormy power,
Or shatter'd fly along, or still more darkly lower.

Amazement seizes all : within the vale
Shrinking, the mute herd snuff the shiv'ring gale ;
The while, with tossing head and streaming mane,
The horse affrighted bounds and darts across the plain.

The scene how desolate!—Where now appear
 The softer beauties of the infant year?
 Ah, where the groves in greener pomp array'd,
 And deep, yet solemn gloom of the inspiring shade?

The verdant heaven that once the woods o'erspread
 And underneath a pensive twilight shed,
 Is shrivell'd all: dead the vine-mantled bowers,
 And wither'd in their bloom the beautiful young flowers!

Mute, too, the voice of joy! no tuneful bird
 Amid the leafless forest now is heard;
 Nor more may ploughboy's laugh the bosom cheer,
 Or in the velvet glade love's whisper charm the ear.—

But lo, the ruthless gale its force hath spent;
 And see! where sinking 'neath yon cloudy tent,
 The sun withdraws his last cold feeble ray,
 Abandoning to night his short and dubious sway.

A heavier gloom pervades the chilly air!
 Now in their northern caves the winds prepare
 The nitrous frost, to sheet, with dazzling white,
 The long deserted fields at the return of light;

Or with keen icy breath they may glass o'er
 The restless wave, and on the lucid floor
 Let fall the feathery shower; and far and wide
 Involve in snowy robe the land and fetter'd tide!

Thus shuts the varied scene! and thus, in turn,
 O Autumn! thou into thine ample urn
 Sweep'st all earth's glories. Ah, for one brief hour,
 Spare the soft virgin's bloom and tender human flower!

x.

SALATHIEL: *A Tale of the Past, the Present, and the Future.*

WE are not sufficiently versed in the codes of criticism, to know whether the book, whose title is given above, has ceased to be a legitimate object of critical prosecution. But granting, as it is now a year or two old, we believe, (for we have no copy before us, nor have seen one for months,)—granting our right of subjecting it to a regular review is lost, as a lawyer would say, by our own delay, it by no means follows that the Author is entitled to the same immunity. There is no statute of limitations in the world of reviews which will make *him* cease to be fair game, so long as he continues to write.

We shall consider ourselves, therefore, as reviewing him in the following remarks, rather than his book; endeavoring to acquire and communicate an acquaintance with the former, by examining and cross-examining the latter. As our readers may not receive this legal figure, however, plausible as it is, with a just sense of its real weight, it should be farther observed, that with all the notice and all the admiration which *Salathiel* has excited, and numbered as it has been among the phenomena of the age, its faults have been permitted, as if it were really faultless; and even its beauties have appeared only in the loose form of popular extracts.

The leading idea of the book is, if we mistake not, German. Something like half a century since, Goethe made it the substratum of one of his dramatic efforts; but we do not know that any English author has used it, before Mr. Croly. It is the narrative of a Jew condemned, for an indignity offered to Christ, to a preternatural old age upon earth; to survive the loss of friends; the gradual extinction of every being with whom his heart could imagine a human bond; the destruction of the holy city by the power of Pagans, with all its attendant train of crime and wretchedness; and the utter humiliation over all earth, of the proud people who had been the favored of God; "Not a day must be given," were the words of the high priest, *Salathiel*, "not an hour; death in the instant; death!" And his clamors were echoed by the "voice of millions." But in the moment of exultation he was stricken. He heard through all the voices of Jerusalem—he might have heard, he says, through all the thunders of Heaven, the calm loud voice "Tarry thou till I come!" This conception is evidently suited to Mr. Croly's peculiar genius, and illustrates, better than anything else we can specify, what we consider its strongest feature—the ambition for sudden and magnificent effect. Nothing could satisfy his thirst for excitement in his own mind and for creating excitement in other minds, but a grand design like this, unappropriated, in his own language at least, in which the whole stress of his fancy and his intellect could be put forth without hazard of rivalry or plagiarism. The idea was a convenient one in other respects. It does away the necessity of any regular plan. It admits of narrative, descriptive, didactic, pathetic, and any other species of composition, we were about to say; but it will be seen in the sequel, that this remark must be received with some qualification. There is no labor of plot, no intricate maneuvering and machinery of the common novel to bring about an expected or an unexpected result; but the author has only chosen a time and place, full of the most splendid incident, and yet requiring neither ingenuity to introduce nor to explain—because it is miraculous and acknowledged to be so. It is his province simply to relate. A series of superb pictures are ready at his hands. He cannot be charged with their ex-

travagant coloring ; for he has taken them, for aught we can say to the contrary, from history and scripture. He has no want of mythology or allegory to unravel the knotted threads of his strange story ; no final explanatory chapter, *a la Radcliffe*, accounting for anything unnatural or preternatural ; but the long prophesied interventions of God, and the death of the Son of God, all that is more awful in the dealings of Heaven, and the sufferings of men, are an undenied part of its truth. The selection of such a subject is no invention indeed, but a superb discovery. The author has only unearthed it from the Herculaneum of ancient legend and tradition, and colored over its folded robes with a fresh brush. There is an infinite latitude, too, in the mere time and place of the book. Salathiel professes that his wanderings have been over all earth, from the hour of the Saviour's crucifixion, and the conception of such a character once admitted, scarcely anything can be considered inconsistent with it. He says himself in fact "I have more to tell, strange, magnificent, and sad ;" rather insinuating, if we rightly remember and clearly comprehend the pith of the hint, that more of the same matter will be forthcoming by and by. It is one of that class of works which admits no bounds—like Pollok's *Course of Time* or Raleigh's *History of the World*—subjects obviously selected to swallow any amount and any species of contents.

But be that as it may, as the author has devoted the whole of the two volumes to the interval between the death of Christ and the fall of Jerusalem, we should suppose they might have been dated in the first century as well as the nineteenth. It is no trifling object, even with the professedly fictitious writer, to avoid all management that may tend to keep up the idea of fiction in the reader's mind, while he is reading. He may anticipate at the outset, and he may recollect at the end, that he is reading a falsehood ; but in the interval, that impression must be kept down by the appearance of naturalness, of reality. The developement of the story should be credible, though the story itself be not so—like the representation of a stage tragedy. For this reason the idea of Salathiel's survivorship is carried too far—and without the least shadow of necessity. He purports, all the while that he is telling the marvellous stories of past ages, otherwise sufficiently prodigious, to be living himself at the age of eighteen centuries. The character allows such a supposition, indeed ; but for that reason the character is a bad one for effect ; and the point should not have been urged. You may believe almost anything that is well told and well introduced, with a pleasant style and an air of interested urgency that seems to say, "It is all possible, and under the circumstances, all probable ;" but if the speaker adds, "I am as old as the Christian era," it is like the Bedlamite's expostulating very sanely and shrewdly with his keeper, on the subject of his

own confinement, and ending his argument with the remark that he could do as he pleased—"because he was Jupiter." It destroys the effect of anything that has gone before, and of everything that follows. It forces upon you the ridiculous impression of absurdity. You can no longer hear or read with a comfortable conviction, for the time being, of truth; and the story becomes irksome, like the enactment of a play, be it never so perfect, where you cannot help observing that Lear is a mere boy, tricked up in old clothes, and a false beard; that Cordelia is an old woman of threescore; or that the blood of Macbeth, though sufficiently red, and in great abundance, comes from a bladder under his vest. If Mr. Croly had given his work the air of a journal, of which the recording was contemporory with the matter recorded, it would at least have saved him the awkward embarrassment, of bringing up the rear of subsequent ages to the day of the date as it is. He seems to consider himself compelled to effect this manœuvre, though we cannot see why--and he has accordingly effected it, in the last page or two, with a kind of militia despatch, which reminds one forcibly of a rush on the stairs at a town dinner. In two or three vast sentences, he runs a headlong leapfrog race of immense velocity, over the heads of Alaric, Mahomet, Angels, Raphael, Luther, the printing-press, the Crusades, Petrarch, and Christopher Columbus—an incomparably smarter skip, it must be allowed, than that of Ramo Samee himself over twelve soldiers with bristled bayonets erect! All this ridiculous demonstration arises from the absurd whim of dating the work in the nineteenth century: asking you to believe, altogether gratuitously, in addition to what you could otherwise receive with sufficient meekness, that the writer is eighteen centuries old—a living mummy. With the exception of this gratuitous excrescence on the main body of the work, it might have passed off either for *truth*, as a great part is and still more of it may be, for aught we can say to the contrary—or it might have effected the ordinary object of works of fiction, producing, by the *prima facie* aspect of something earthly and human, the present *impression* of truth. It should be remarked, moreover, that the extreme minuteness of description in Salathiel, as well as the extreme vividness of feeling, are as inconsistent with the date alleged, as the date itself is inconsistent with probability. It might have been expected of a man who noted the narrative as it passed, but not of one who recollects at the distance of so many ages. And this inconsistency continually aggravates the impression of the other. You cannot help saying to yourself, all the while, the memory of this man is about as miraculously out of the common order of things, as his age.

But the idea of the sentence of Christ, "Tarry thou till I come" is too magnificent to be given up, for the sake of appearances; and the natural effect of such a sentence, on the history, the mind, and

the style of Salathiel is too important, too dramatic, to be cavilled at on the mere ground of its being palpably Gulliverish. It is fiction, indeed, in the face of it, but the grandeur of it is recompence enough for the lost pleasantness of what is true, or probable, or plausible. And why should not the effect be equally great and the conception equally magnificent, were they adopted only by Salathiel in this character, and not by the author in the date of Salathiel? If, in other words, the sentence of immortality on earth were considered an imagination of the miserable mind, all arising, as absurdities equally glaring frequently do, from the intense excitement or madness of crime, and indirectly inflicted, if you please, as a punishment, is not the imagination as awful as the fact? and far more natural, whether it be human or divine consequence, an incident in mental philosophy, or a miracle. It is worth observing, also, that the alteration of design, which we have suggested, would require scarcely any alteration in the style or management of the book. The sentence of Salathiel is long dwelt upon by himself, as if it were what we have said it should be. It is wanton in the author to urge it upon us as an absolute fact.

That there is great beauty of a certain kind in the style of Salathiel, will appear, we think, from the most unfavorable extracts. The source of almost all its faults, or rather of its failure in effect—for the book does not produce an impression adequate to its merits—is the vanity, ostentation, or whatever else that besetting sin of the author may be called, which appears in a continual effort for impressiveness, in the developement of character, never in its native simplicity or composure, but under the strongest possible excitement, in the choice of words, the construction of sentences, the contrivance of sudden and strange incident, the description of scenes of extraordinary beauty and horror. It is not an ambition, merely to express perfectly what he thinks, or to express himself with elegance and grace; for such a style, like the manners of the perfect gentleman, would satisfy you, without attracting your attention; you would read the book through, at your ease, without stopping to be struck with the fine points of the writer. It is not an ambition that is satisfied with producing a fine work; but you must admire this particular scene, and that particular sentence. You must admire the beautiful polish and the splendid veining of the single pillars and blocks as we put them together; whether you will ever be left cool and leisurely enough to view it as a whole, is another affair. It is an ambition to startle with suddenness; to dazzle with brilliancy; to astonish with vastness. The impression must of course do justice to the thought, which puts all language in requisition; and so, every sentence is a wonder by itself. It is worthy of applause, as a successful effort of fine writing—not in connection with other sentences, or because it illustrates the subject; for the subject is a subordinate consideration. There is no

general drift, and we admit the plan is so chosen as to require none from the beginning to the end of the work and scarcely of one chapter. But the style, the primary consideration, is uniform throughout, and to keep its effervescence from ever subsiding, *subject*, gathered all from the ends of the earth, is thrust underneath and consumed like fire. The twelfth chapter is an illustration of the manner in which his purpose, such as it is, is effected. It is Salathiel's description of the state of his own mind, and it justifies what we remarked above on the consistency of treating the sentence of immorality on earth as imaginary. "The bitter sense of defeat was the characteristic of my visions. Be the cup ever so sweet, it was dashed by a poison drop at the bottom. I imagined myself the great king of Babylon." Here follows a superb paragraph, ending with his being "cast out, humbled to the grass of the field, hideous, brutal and wretched." Next he is Belshazzar. There he describes the effect of the moon upon him. Soon he is "driven to sea in a boat that lets in every wave;" wanders at night through a country of mountains; drags through an ancient Egyptian city. As a specimen of the style of the work we have copied the shortest and simplest effort of the series. "I was Belshazzar—I sat in the halls of glory. I heard the harps of minstrels, the voice of singing men and singing women. The banquet was before me. I was surrounded by the trophies of irresistible conquest. Beauty, flattery, splendor, the delight of the senses, the heavier feasts of vanity, the rich contemplation of triumph measureless and endless, made me all but a god. I put the profaned cup of the temple to my lips—thunder pealed—the serene sky, the only canopy worthy of my banquet and my throne, was sheeted over with lightning—I swallowed the wine—it was poison and fire in my veins. The gigantic hand came forth and wrote upon the wall."—This chapter, by the way, extravagant and incoherent as it is, appears to us decidedly the most natural one in the work; and the obvious reason is that you cannot detect its unnaturalness. It describes the dreamy ravings of a madman; and truth to nature, there, consists in disregard of all rule, of all rationality.

But in a volume of matter like this, good as it may be, and even acceptable under proper circumstances of time, place and quantity, we cannot help wishing, occasionally, for a simple idea, or a simple expression, such as might show that the author sometimes thought, as if he were certain that his thoughts would never be known; thought for the sake of thinking, and expressed himself, only as well, as adequately, as he does now. But in the paragraph above, every thing is superlative. Every sentence glitters in armour and masque, and the whole strides gradually, on a long-resounding march, with the solemn pomp of a procession of knights, at an ancient tourney. So it is here—"flames of lambent silver, curling and darting in forms

innumerable, shot round my couch, upon the inequalities of the ground, or the waves of the fountain and the river, serpents of the most inimitable lustre, yet of the most deadly poison, circled and sprang after me, with a rapidity that mocked human feet. If I dared to glance upward, I beheld a menacing visage, *distending to an immeasurable magnitude*, and ready to pour down wrath; or an orb with its mountains and oceans swinging loose through the heavens, and *rolling down upon my solitary brow*." The excess of this style, both in quantity and quality is almost immeasurably and inimitably wearisome. Even where it does not amount to bombast—to bombast in thought—we are surfeited with its lusciousness; we are weary of straining, and if we feel any interest in the author, it is such as we feel in a man who has undertaken to fly from a steeple—a painful nervousness of suspense, a dread of failure, for his own sake.

It abounds with beauties, but these are concealed by the blaze of its splendor; or exaggerated, on the principle, that the more you have of a good thing the better, we suppose, till their shape and size becomes unnatural, and therefore, no more beautiful, as they were. Nor can it fail to happen, now and then, that the tremendous exertions of the author, for something new and prodigious, should result in what is rather remarkable for its falsehood; perhaps for its palpable and grotesque absurdity. He keeps himself in a continual fever of excitement; and it is not to be wondered at, if, under, such circumstances, he sometimes talks like the Delphic Priestess, with more inspiration than sense. "I found a bold Genoese, (here he is bringing up the rear, in the last pages, to the date of his book,) and *led him to the discovery of a new world*. With its *metals* I inundated the old; and to my own misery, added the misery of *two hemispheres*!" It is hard to determine, here, whether the manner or the matter is the more fantastic. Both are sufficiently amusing. It is true that the general dignity of the subject or rather of the topics discussed, for they are various and many-colored as the contents of a kaleidoscope, admits of more pompousness in the style, than would otherwise be allowable; and especially where it purports to come from the mouth of the same character, Salathiel. But it is exceedingly unfortunate, that when a trivial incident occurs to be described, or in case of what is meant for human and ordinary conversation, it cannot be relaxed and simplified accordingly. If the author would introduce nothing undignified, nothing of common sense and plain cool matter-of-fact, his style would have the merit, at least of being suitable to his matter. But the elephant now and then undertakes to dance, and cut capers, which it must be allowed is ridiculous beyond conception. The long harangues of the old Roman captain, in praise of wine and drunkenness, are an instance in point. Can any thing be more grotesquely out of keeping with the spirit of the book,

than an attempt at levity, whether it be original with Salathiel, or only a recollection of what he has heard. And yet the wanderer of eighteen centuries, "withering in soul with remorse," and recording and repeating after all this lapse of time, is made to repeat, almost in the same breath, with the frantic ravings quoted above, pages of the silliest balderdash in the world—in such a mock-heroic style, to be sure, as if he were absolutely determined to make fun : and the object of his record is, as we are somewhere informed, that he "may stand clear with his fellow-men." We allude particularly to the interview with Titus in the tent, where he is left dancing attendance, while the general reads over his letters from Rome. Salathiel is represented as remembering and reciting the whole ! What is worse, he is unfrequently attempting something, no matter whether as an effort of wit, or of memory, that for aught we can perceive, would pass muster for a joke.

But not to dwell upon this point, especially as the change could not be easily proved to entire satisfaction ; we were remarking that the style is uniform, though the subject and the management of it are such, that propriety requires various modifications. It is the same however, in describing the grandest phenomenon, and the minutest incident ; the same, (with a few beautiful exceptions,) for male and female ; for Greek, Roman, and Jew ; for the orator and the beggar. "On the summit of a rock, still blazing in the sunlight like a beacon, while the plain was growing dim, he fought his last fight, and transfixed with a hundred spears, died the death of a hero."—All which means, that a wolf was killed by a hunter. And again, "a cry of joy rang in my ears ; I looked around ; saw, to my surprise, *a bale of carpets walk forward from a corner of the tent*, and heard a Jewish tongue imploring for life and freedom. I rapidly developed the speaker ; and from this repulsive coverture came forth one of the loveliest females I had ever seen." The author seems to develop his idea in this case, with about as much awkwardness and affectation of gravity, as his hero develops the young lady. And here we have an example of the conversational tone. After storming the fortress of Musada, at the head of a Jewish troop, Salathiel is examining the interior. A slave approaches and tells him there is one hall remaining, the most remarkable of the whole. "I gazed around the armory ; there was no door, but the one by which we had entered—" *not here*, said the Ethiopian—*yet it is beside us*"—and the slave goes on, unbidden, to finish a speech about the hall—"Here the Chaldee men of wisdom came to raise the spirits of the departed, and show the fates of his kingdom," &c. The following are the words of a Jewish captain, to whom Salathiel gives his sword, while the enemy are rapidly advancing. "The warrior kindled within him ; he sprang from the ground * *—Glorious thing !" he ex-

claimed, "that raises man at once to the height of human honors, or sends him where no one can disturb his rest; thou art the true sceptre that guards and graces empire. * * now for glory!" What a time and place for this bombastic declamation. All these circumstances result from the ambition of the author, to turn every thing that occurs, into a means of displaying his various talents. If he can but raise a stir of any kind in his ridicule, he is willing to play the buffoon, even in the pulpit. Hence the levity, the miserable attempts at humor and sport—the disgusting mixture of Salathiel's frenzy with the beggar's nonsense and the profane ribaldry of the drunken captain. Not that such a union is in itself unnatural; not because it is peculiarly offensive, whether rational or not; but because, as remembered, and related, and enlarged upon by Salathiel himself in the character of Salathiel, it is both unnatural and offensive to the last degree. And yet Mr. Croly has no want of taste, were we to judge even from Salathiel—from the expressiveness and elegance of his language; no want of originality, of the power of vigorous and profound thought, of rich and glowing fancy—but his ostentation is greater than all, and it never forsakes him. In every thing that occurs, we have said, and it should have been understood, that many things are made to occur for the same purpose of effect, when the compulsion is quite too manifest. The incident throughout the book is grossly artificial. Let us take Salathiel's history in brief, as related by himself, in the first volume—He leaves Jerusalem with his wife. "A sulphureous vapour took away my breath, and I was caught up in a whirlwind of dust and ashes." He wakes in a tent, whose curtains are waving around him in a breeze, fragrant with the breath of roses, by the bank of a river, shining like a path of *lapis lazuli*. His wife stands before him—and the explanation is, that an earthquake had flung him under shelter of a cave in a crag of the mountain, with his wife and infant, unhurt. He is stunned; but she, by "singular good fortune," is found by a troop of her kinsmen going home from the city. He wakes up, after three days of the journey. The wife presently rides over a precipice, a depth of hideous darkness, on a dromedary; and Salathiel, with more than the courage of Sam. Patch, plunges after her. This effect is said to have 'saved her life,' though it does not appear how; for he only struggles with the torrent, gasps, is stunned again, and wakes up at her side in the camp.

The pith of the explanation in this case is, that a wolf had bitten the dromedary in the flank. By and bye, after he has saved a particular friend from execution by the Romans, by knocking out the hangman's brains with a sling stone at an immense distance of which to those who had not seen the cause, the effect was almost a miracle,—he fights a prodigious battle for his rescue in the evening, by the

light of a magazine which takes fire just about the same time. And here he persuades his countrymen to rebel against Rome ; goes to his country-seat for his wife ; thrusts his sword through one of his servants, taking him for a wild beast in the dark, and then asks about the health of the family (" my wife and children, are they safe, I exclaimed.") He finds the whole establishment swept clean by the board ; nothing left but the hot ashes. He imagines himself to be Belshazzar and sundry other characters as cited above ; getting over this little difficulty, he travels in Syria, where the wolves, though driven down by famine, are afraid to bite him—" from his great distress of mind." From a hill on the coast he sees a galley wrecked by a tremendous storm ; he rescues a body which luckily happens to be that of his wife. That miracle, having had its effect, is clumsily explained. The household had been carried off for slaves ; and kept alive for their beauty ; had been sold, redeemed and wrecked in their way back. They trudge home to the country-house in excellent humor, and the country-house is found standing again, garden, cattle, and all, " as if rapine had never been there." " This is miracle," he exclaims ; but his brother-in-law, and humble servant, the man saved from the hangman, explains the matter to his satisfaction. He turns off a Greek captain, his guest, for falling in love with his daughter, for whom another marriage is appointed, and broken off by her sudden disappearance, and pursuing after her, he falls into the hands of a Roman Governor, who tries various methods of killing him ; but something comes between the cup and the lip, and he sends him to Nero, by water. He is confined and sentenced in Italy ; carried off by a masqued figure ; visits Rome and finds it an ocean of fire, and describes that ; seizes a woman in a burning palace who happens to be his daughter ; betrays a Christian to Nero who happens to be St. Paul ; and goes to see a lion at the circus fight for Nero's amusement, with a man slave who happens to be the Greek captain. The daughter had been married, of course before this ; and he forgets his passion against her husband so far, by the time they have trudged home again, that when he becomes commander in chief in the Jewish war, which also happens, he commissions the captain to storm the fort of Masadar. He goes to reinforce him ; happens to fall among a herd of lions, there to be taken by a Roman troop, but escapes and reaches Masadar in time to find the captain defeated and wounded " with scarcely a hope for his life"—though by the next day, he happens to be well enough to scale the ramparts single handed against the garrison. A hundred thousand soldiers are raised in a few lines ; a great victory gained ; and another fort stormed where we shall end with his own words ; " The hills, covered with the host rushing to the assault, echoed the cry. I was at the summit of fortune.

"In the next moment, I felt a sudden shock, darkness covered my eyes, and I plunged headlong.

I awoke in a dungeon.

In that dungeon I lay two years."*

Such is the gratuitously liberal manufacture of incident for the sake of their 'sudden shocks.' One more example—Salathiel is ship wrecked by a wind so violent as to send his galley before it "like a stone discharged from an engine." He sinks in the water; and when he rises again "*the storm is gone.*" The stars burn brightly blue, and the pleasant breath of groves and flowery perfumes comes on the waters, with a distant sound of sweet voices."

On the whole, Salathiel is full of scholarship, of classical taste, a perfect power of expression, vigorous intellect, and still more of poetical and dramatic genius; but above all of a stately ostentation, and a disposition to carry anything to excess, at the expense of nature and truth, for the sake of effect. Of the incident, in this respect, we have spoken. Among the characters, as in ancient Athens, there are more gods than men—a group of statues something larger than life, and still farther exaggerated into impressiveness, like wax figures in a glass gallery, by the medium of a magnifying and colored style. Throughout the book, there is no self-denial of the author; no keeping himself in the back ground. We imagine him looking over us from beginning to end, to enjoy our surprise, admiration, wonder and alarm. We are diverted from the exhibition to the show-man, at best, and probably irritated with his interference and disgusted with his vanity.

D.

LINES.

THERE is a lovely Autumn eve when winds are soft and still,
Save a lowly murmur through the vale and on the woody hill;
When groves are yellow, and the leaves are falling carelessly,
Along the road-side, from the boughs of ash and linden tree;
When stars are few, and fleecy clouds are floating through the sky,
On gales unfelt, unheard below, where night's dim shadows lie.

When, from the distant, lonely wood the grey owl's whoop is heard,
Where perches o'er the mountain stream that solitary bird;
And in the orchard by the way, with hollow, unchanged sound,
The mellow apples, one by one, are dropping to the ground.
O sweetly then the mountain wind skims o'er the rustling corn,
And on the high blue heaven the moon hangs out her yellow horn;
Then pass life's pains and cares away, and pride and flattery's art,
And calm, pure feelings in that hour slide gently on the heart.

* Chapter I. vol. II.

And there's a wilder Autumn eve that has a thrilling power,
 The blood runs cold, and the full heart beats wildly in that hour,
 'Tis when the loud winds of the north are shrieking in the sky,
 And the dry leaves upon his wings are whirling swiftly by ;
 When from the upland bleak and sere comes the wild fox's bay,
 And 'tis answered by the startled cur that slumber'd far away ;
 When the tall forest on the hill that overlooks the vale,
 Is bowing to the mighty gust like reeds in summer's gale ;
 And the wide heaven is dark with clouds, and, twinkling oft between,
 As they move rapidly along, the diamond stars are seen.

O there's a power that overrules the rushing tempest's might,
 And with his kindly presence fills the stillest, calmest night ;
 Who lifts the curtains of the dawn, and gives the noon-tide birth,
 And drops the gentle wing of sleep upon the weary earth. J. H. B.

PROPERTY OF WOMEN.

Jam vero illud stultissimum existimare omnia justa esse, quæ scita sint in populorum institutis aut legibus.—CIC.

Why, when the critical light of superior knowledge is detecting the faults of ancient fabrics—why among the benevolent projects of the age, such as the abolition of slavery, the extension of toleration, and universal instruction, have so few upright and enlightened minds meditated any amendment of the legal condition of the female sex, with regard to property ? The perspicuous statement of Christian, in his notes on Blackstone, has brought it before the mind of every lawyer, and the subject cannot but have attracted the attention of every man, who has looked abroad upon society. And yet, till some newly related circumstance brings them home to us, abuses to which we are habituated fail to awaken reflection. Though it made some talk in our family circle, in the days of our youth, that a female relative, left a widow a few months after marriage, was compelled by law to divide her patrimony with her husband's relations, whom, living at a distance, she had never seen, it was not till we saw in Europe a different state of things, that we were struck with the inferior condition of American women, and for the first time wished that sundry of our absent kinswomen might live under a new law.

As to women themselves, the operation of the law is so far clandestine, lovers rarely enlightening their mistresses on this subject, that few know, that by marriage, all their property, except house and field, is transferred by the law of the land, absolutely to the husband, that the gifts of the fond father, the earning of the wife, be-

long to him, all the income of a woman's real estate, all that accrues to her, before or after marriage, is his, not merely a possession common to both, but exclusively his, liable to be seized by his creditors, his to sell, to bequeath, to give to a Hindoo, or a Hottentot, if he so please; that a married woman, so far from denominating, with truth, *hers*, even the furniture her father gave her, cannot according to law, apply to it, the term *our*; she must ask leave and means, however wealthy she may *have* been, to bestow an alms, or a gift. By law, the affluence of the richest married heiress, dwindles into a mere claim for necessaries. An honest courtship, congruous to the law, should begin with a lesson of philosophy,

"What riches give us, let us now enquire,
Meat, fire and clothes; what more? meat, clothes and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?"

This would be no more than a suitable preparation for the legalized ditty of Robin Hood,

"What's yours 'll be mine,
What's mine's my own."

The property, taken from the wife, may go into the hands of a kind and provident husband, or fall into the possession of an idiot, a tyrant, a miser, or a spendthrift; it may pamper a mistress, or be staked at a gaming table; be dissipated by the intemperate, or take to itself the wings of a desperate speculation; it may pay not only the debts of the husband, contracted on the credit of it, but the debts of others, for which, in a moment of credulity, or vanity, he may have been bound. The "meat, clothes and fire," are very uncertain. If not exhausted by any of these means, it may go to heirs, (the wife is not the legal heir of the fortune she carries into her husband's hands,) by no means the object of choice, to her from whom the law has wrested it, to the unallied, to the unkind, to the injurious.

The exactions of the law not being all unknown to, or lying in oblivion, with the damsel in love—if old Lear was credulous, what is to be expected of enamoured young Lucy? The subject only reminds her that her betrothed has *all* the virtues. The unacquaintance with law, together with the confiding temper of woman, is well depicted by Crabbe in one of his tales.

"A trifling business—you will understand
The law requires that you affix your hand;
But first attend, and you shall learn the cause,
Why forms like these have been prescribed by laws."
Then from his chair, a man in black arose;
And with much quickness hurried off his prose,
"That Ellen Paul, the wife, and so forth, freed
From all control, her own the act and deed.
And forasmuch"—said she, "I've no distrust,

For he that asks it, is discreet and just,
 Our friends are waiting—where am I to sign?
 There!—now be ready when we meet to dine.”

From the circumstances in which they are placed, women are too ignorant of business, to know that they know nothing, which is being too ignorant to make enquiries. But how long does the confiding bosom remain placid and cheerful? Should one of two friends, in a fit of indolence and affectionate enthusiasm, give his property to the other, on condition of a maintenance, every observer of human nature would forbode a breach of friendship. How unwise every body knows it to be, for a father to divest himself of property for his children!

What a long list would the discerning Diable Boiteaux make out of the splenetic, nervous, broken hearted wives, rendered so by the operation of this law! How many quiet and happy faces has it darkened with discontent, or withered prematurely with repining! Under this antiquated law, how many amiable women have become the prey of Beverleys! How many exchanged the ease and dignity of independence, for the perpetual irritation of embarrassed circumstances, or even for the mortifying condition of hopeless debt! How often has the selfish or thoughtless husband squandered, what the affectionate father straitened himself to give! How frequently has the scanty pittance, amassed by minute savings, fruits of the lasting hand and eye of the school-mistress, the seamstress, or the female domestic, been abandoned by this law, to the swift expenditure of the idler and the profligate! The rich heiress become poor, is more pitied than these, but property, like the sybilline verse, increases in value, as it diminishes in quantity. How many inheritances has this law transferred to strange blood? Under its operation, who has not seen one decayed, paternal threshold pass to strange feet? trees planted by the hand of provident consanguinity shed their fruits into the laps of strangers? How many children has it robbed of the education and training, to which their mother's fortune entitled them! How often does the dear-earned substance of an anxious and laborious life, instead of ministering comfort or ease to the beloved daughter, tend only to a painful disappointment, which

“Stamps wrinkles in her brow of youth,
 With cadent tears, frets channels in her cheeks.”

How often does it operate only to unfit her for the indigence into which the husband will plunge her!

And what are the remedies? The rich father can postpone the heir of his race one generation, and even secure to the granddaughter a provision, till she is married. She may wish to do more.

“A grandsire's name is little less in love,
 Than is the doating title of a father,
 They are as children, but one step below.”

But this is all, and to do this, he is obliged to prefer the future unknown husband of his granddaughter, to the spouse of his daughter—set aside, to the natural chagrin of the former, the husband that *is*, for the husband that is to *be*. The man who is debased, that his future son-in-law may be exalted, feels like an object of peculiar distrust; the law, the soul of which, *ought* to be equity, gives him his wife's property; sure, of him there must be a special disesteem. A sense of inferiority, which impairs his good-humor, and lessens his kindness for his wife, accompanies him through life. We doubt whether, except by a repeal of the law, a woman's conjugal happiness and property can be secured together.

Another remedy employed, is to vest the wife's fortune in real estate, because with regard to this sort of property, the rights of the wife, though suspended, are not abrogated—a step, in itself, often inexpedient, and attended with pecuniary loss. This too, may offend the husband, by the show of mistrust. The truth is, after a long continued violation of justice, to which the feelings and opinions of mankind are moulded, any resumption of rights by an individual sufferer, is regarded as an aggression by the usurper. Le Sage's Signior Don Blaz Desdichado, who run mad with grief, for being forced after his wife's death, to restore fifty thousand ducats to her relations, no doubt thought himself *wronged*.

This law tends greatly to the impoverishment of families. In the hands of the wife, the property does not perhaps accumulate—against which, in any circumstances, there are a thousand chances to one—but it is at least entirely safe. The care women take of property, is shown by the conduct of widows, who as a class, as has been often observed, are remarkable for caution. Women are timid in their expenses, and are seldom tempted to speculate, or game. If wives retain their property, would it be so common as it is now, to see the children of a daughter, in possession, finally, of so much less of the grandfather's property than the children of a son?

A dark cloud rests on a Hindoo courtship; marriage is, in India, burdened with the condition of a probable death by fire. While the present law remains in force, the courtship of a woman of property, is not without its glooms. Any step taken to secure the lady's property may be contrary to the original expectations of the *lover*; this omitted, the *lady* experiences an unpalatable change. Why not overthrow this altar of sacrifice? It is not here love lights his dying lamp.

What are the consequences of this law to the husband of a wealthy wife? she is less beloved; his children are less secure of a provision; he loses his motive to industry, and is transformed from a man of cheerful activity, into a restless loiterer. And can a man that loves a woman, wish her to pass from secure ease and affluence, to a de-

pendence on his prudence and good fortune? will he risk her looking back to a certain event with the reflection,

“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day!”

This may be the sentiment of those who look on, but the affectionate wife, forgiving the appropriation and loss of her possessions, her disappointed confidence, loves her husband still. The constancy of Mrs. Beverley's conjugal affection does not surprise the readers, as a deviation from nature, and do not creatures whose hearts are such an inexhaustible fountain of tenderness deserve the consideration of lawgivers?

In present circumstances, the friends of a man who marries a woman of fortune, often form expectations of advantage, which, though the law has swept the fortune into his hands, he feels delicate about fulfilling; between his notions of right founded on law, and his original ideas of rectitude, there is a sort of painful controversy in his mind, which, according to circumstances, veers restlessly to and fro. The law empowers him, and so his friends expect him to do that to which a scrupulous mind objects. Did the wife retain her property, these undue expectations of a loan, or his name on a bond, would not exist. But if it were true, as it is not, that the real interest of the husband is a thing distinct from the welfare of the wife, still that would afford no just ground for a law, providing exclusively for that interest, at the expence of the wife.

It would throw some light on the nature of this case, and it would be some gratification of curiosity, to know among the things of olden times, the history and character of the persons concerned in establishing this rapacious usage. One thing is certain, that none of them had a daughter or a sister. They were unthinking men, who consulted their imaginary interests, by plunging the female sex into a degrading poverty; men of a rude and undiscerning age, who in their blindness, preferred rather to find in a wife a plundered slave, than an affectionate and confiding friend—and shall we follow in the traces of their fierce and hasty footsteps?

Annul this law, a fortune would no longer be such a temptation to courtship, as to make all other motives suspected, and no man could complain of the repeal of the law whose chief aim was the “very riches of a woman's self.”

The men who marry heiresses, are sometimes retired scholars, and in married life, such men are often truly beloved and amiable, (women dote on learning,) but the habit pertaining commonly to such, of turning the eye inward, unfits them to engage in those schemes and pursuits, which are constantly tempting the rich, success in which requires knowledge of the world, acquaintance with, and *habits* of business, not belonging to the contemplative class. How dis-

advantageous is it, to such, to acquire powers by which they will be tempted to forego, with regard to themselves and families, the "competence vital to content!"

That the general opinion condemns the law, is apparent from the frequency of instances, in which women secure their property; from the growing practice among honorable men—men too upright to believe that law, whether equitable or not, justifies as well *in foro conscientiae* as *in foro humano*—of refusing to avail themselves of the legal powers of a husband, with regard to property; and the circumstance that judicious, unprejudiced persons invariably advise a woman, about to be married, to steps which defeat the law. Is it not well to repeal a law, which in each particular instance, it is expedient to evade? which has created so much unmixed evil, such true misery, eluded by the shrewd, but ensnaring the unfriended, ignorant, and unsuspecting?

The effect of this injustice, if the property is lost, is to produce a disappointment, dangerous, if not fatal to wedded love; the wife rendered poor, under such circumstances, is slow to acquire, and seldom practices cheerfully the remedial economy and activity required. It is the nature of injustice to provoke deceit; is it a matter of surprise, that wives should in some points fail in openness, that knowing the law, they should conceal a pecuniary gift or bequest? Is it a very strange thing, that certain legal hardships, imposed on the despised sex, should, in the less refined heiress, provoke the mean allusion? Change the law, and "what is low, raise." Contempt is produced by meanness, but it *produces it too*. Extravagance is one of the natural effects of this law. A lady about to be married, who left her property to the disposal of the law, made the most costly purchases of furniture, dress and jewels; a friend censured these expenses as unsuitable to her fortune. The answer was, "I shall never again have the command of money, I have no motive to save, my marriage deprives me of my whole property, I don't know that it will last five years."

Suppose the property derived from the wife is preserved, how can a father acquiesce in a law, by which the income of the ample portion he bestowed on his daughter, is doled out by the dollar from the hands of a stranger, however well deserving a stranger? And it is not in human nature, for a woman to apply without a feeling of chagrin, for the money in small sums, which was once put into her hands by hundreds or thousands. We know a father whose face is always clouded when present on such occasions.

This law which so ungenerously takes advantage of female fondness, the warmth of feeling and generosity of spirit which belongs to love and youth—*woman's* love, that forgets the distinction of *mine* and *thine*—operates more than all untoward causes, to loosen the bond

which unite the married pair ; it indeed often tears to pieces this dearest tie in human society.

Let our sages turn their attention to this not unimportant subject. The protection of the ignorant and inexperienced, ought to gain a hold on the attention of good and enlightened men. This is a case in which probity and domestic happiness are deeply concerned, which nearly affects the well-being of a great multitude of families. What could more honor the ripe years of the fatherly Prescott, the sagacious and provident Jackson, the noble and eloquent Lowell, the high minded and liberal Story, the fervent and philanthropic Quincy, the refined and persuasive Otis, the equitable and earnest Bowditch, than an effort to destroy in this law, a barbarous remnant of old times, to arrest this special infraction of equity, which has occasioned in thousands of families, so much wounded feeling, such swellings of a just resentment, such painful vicissitudes, which in its nature, depraves the moral principles, both of those who gain by it a seeming advantage, and of those who hold law in indiscriminating reverence ? What more worthy cause—a cause, in which, as we hold, the common benefit of *both* sexes is the object—could engage in its service the irresistible accents of Webster ? What can prefer a stronger claim to the attention of those whose ruling passion is to do good ? Shall the usages of the iron times of old, without probity or honor, distinguished for the oppression of the weak by the strong, govern and corrupt this better age ? Shall a law continue to operate, which the improved morals of the day would revolt at placing in the statute-book ?

JUSTICE.

THE TEMPEST.

The sun has furled his yellow wings
 Upon the Occidental billow ;
 Day's burning lip to Heaven's cheek clings
 Even while upon its evening pillow ;
 Stars in the sky—gems in the sea
 Are flashing beautiful and free,
 And there, with swan-winged motion,
 A wave, with crest of sun-lit snow,
 A ship, with dancing, graceful flow,
 Sweep o'er the golden ocean.

Her robes well gemmed with silver dew,
 Comes Twilight over day's tomb weeping ;
 The moon is in the eastern blue,
 Her smiles on sea and ocean sleeping ;
 But from the North, dim shadows fall

Upon the sea, at evening's call
To warn the wary seaman ;
They lead the tempest from its lair,
And throw upon the shadowy air
The banner of the demon.

A gray cloud, fashioned from the foam,
Comes, the fair crescent's glory fading,
And midway, in the spacious dome,
A thousand shapes are congregating—
Mists of a raven blackness, wreathed
With mists on which the moon has breathed
The shape and flow of gladness ;
And mists like beauty's rosy bloom
Steal on like sunbeams in a tomb,
Or Hope's fair ray in sadness.

Now freely at the western sky
The adverse waves have met and riven,
Thickly the scattered pearl-drops fly
Above the slumbering sun, in prison ;
And ribs of blood-red solid light
Shine through the floating robes of night,
Day's skeleton, lone and solemn ;
The wavering depths of ocean glass
The light—the shade—the clouds that pass,
And every burning column.

The barque moves on with snow-white sails
Where the slept sun of love is dreaming ;
Its red flag in the blue air trails
Like blood upon the ocean streaming ;
It meets the wave's saluting flow—
Its gifts of pearls and virgin snow—
As a swan onward panting,
Now in a billowy forest lost,
Now on a surge's blue wing tossed,
Now down its gloss side slanting.

The massy thunders shake the main
With fire and wind from tempest fountains ;
The bending skies are bright with rain,
The sea stands up erect in mountains ;
Surges on surges climb, to form
A throne of thunder for the storm ;
And from far caverns, whitening,
The hidden seas steal out, and bare
The ocean's pillow to the air,
And skeletons to the lightning.

Tete-a-tete Confessions.

The rains are gathering, bold and fast,
 The clouds with darker shade careering,
 But the proud ship moves amid the blast,
 With eagle wing and leap unfearing ;
 The winds of every clime come down,
 From regions where the ice-bergs frown
 O'er sunless oceans frozen,
 From climates where a flameless fire
 Consumes the dews—all to conspire
 Upon the sea-waves, chosen.

* * * * *

Morning came up : the heavens were lone ;
 The moon-beam calmed the trembling billows,
 The sea was glad, and rain-drops shone
 From island rocks and island willows ;
 The terrors of its midnight dream
 Still shook the winding silver stream,
 And tinged the wave with sadness,
 But soon the oriental sun
 Rose on the world, a golden one,
 And filled the world with gladness.

And yonder in the distant blue
 The yellow waves its bosom dashing,
 The valiant ship comes up in view,
 The sun-light on its canvass flashing ;
 And now it anchors by yon isle,
 And slumbers in the morning smile,
 Unthinking of past danger,
 And many gather by the shore
 To tell the evening's perils o'er,
 And greet the gallant stranger. J. O. R.

TETE-A-TETE CONFESSIONS.

FLORENCE ! Cousin Florence ! will you speak to me, or shall I open your lips with this pearl folder—my own silly gift to a lady who would not read the last and best novel ever written, if she was to be troubled to cut the leaves. Are you *very* indolent to night, or is your heart broken, or your bird dead ? What ails you ? There you sit with your great shawl about you, and your great black eyes fixed on that little foot imbedded in the ottoman, as if you were planning a flirtation, or inventing a mouse trap, or, what is more

probable, musing on the constancy of your amiable cousin, and very humble servant. Well! I see how it is. Bring the pastille into this corner, Bettina, get me the deep chair and a cricket, and leave the room. And now, *carissima*, tell me the class of your devils, and I'll select something to read to you for their particular annoyance.

"I have been thinking, cousin, that I am growing old Nay—never laugh—indeed I am serious. Leave burning my nice alumets, and reflect, as I have been reflecting for the last half hour, that this very moment—this—while I am speaking—is gone—irreparably gone! Think that life is made up of so few such that a child may reckon them, and then remember that an Eye, eternal and unsleeping, keeps watch upon their lapse, and notes every waste and blot of their holy uses. Ah, cousin, I sometimes wonder if I am not mad to live the life I do—mad to forget death even for a moment. Heigho! come! read to me. I do not know what to make of this mood of mine. If I am in my senses, it is a lucid interval in a life-time madness. Read, cousin, or the dark curls you have wasted so much poetry on, will grow gray with this dull thought."

Cupid defend us! what a homily! Well, now, do you know, Florence, I never suspected you of a thought before? It's quite surprising how one may live a century with a pretty woman, and know no more about her, till the gods enlighten him, than the moth knows of the star he flies at for a candle. Who would have dreamed that a raging belle—a gay, saucy, magnificent romp of a belle, would ever have conjured up such a vulgar, every-day sadness!

"And were *you* never sad, Harry?"

Ehem! when I was a boy, Florence—a musing, dreaming, melancholy schoolboy—(a thing very unlike the superlative dandy who has the honor to kiss your fair hand)—I used to think of such things till the stars grew pale. Spring made me extravagantly happy, and Summer deliciously *poco curante*, and Autumn—oh, in Autumn, the gods made me poetical! I fed upon existences, and visions and all the mysteries of philosophy, till I was well nigh mad. Life was a rain-drop, a very bubble in my regard, and as for the glories of Dr. Kitchenier and Pelham, the "nare" of an olive, or the subtle differences in sherries and cravats—you will scarcely credit me when I tell you I thought them very insignificant. I built a bower of hemlock in the depth of a secluded wood, and filling the floor with leaves, I went there in the summer mornings, and lay all day gazing up at the flecked sky through the latticed roof, and weaving visions out of my little store of knowledge that would have staggered the hallucination of an opium-eater. Oh, what poor deluded creatures seemed to me then the fashionable and ambitious and industrious of this world! How wonderful I thought it that they could set their hearts for a mo-

ment on things which Death might at any time take away, or the slightest change of fortune shift to the waiting hands of another. Beauty, rank, riches, everything perishable—everything that the stars would outlive, or the soul shake from its recovered wings with its mortal fetters, was, to my boyish esteem, as the gold colors of the clouds to the eagle that sails through. (Shadow of Pelham! forgive me for the poetry of that last sentence!) Well—from Epictetus I took to Epicurus. I reasoned that if life was so brief, it was not worth while to improve it—concluded to wait till I could travel to the stars before I studied them—renounced solitude till I could get a by-corner of the universe—and pulling down my bower, and selling my vellum Plato for an eye-glass, I fell in love with my cousin Florence, and took incontinently to life, love and ladies! There was a metempsychosis! Since then, my sweet coz, as thou very well knowest, the “*dum vivimus*” of the Gardens has been my motto; and truly, up to this my twenty-third mortal year, I find myself a most contented disciple.

“But, cousin, do you never regret those early days? Do you never feel that your childish philosophy was the better of the two? Do you never, in a sudden pause of music, or when passing out from the crowded dance into the clear, still air of midnight, feel that you are desecrating your own nature, and perverting your own once active faculties by such a life as yours? Nay—do not answer me—I know it is so. I know that I—even I, cousin—who never knew the impassioned days which you describe, and who have been a common child, with the common and artificial nurture of my sex—even I, never am checked for a moment in the whirl of gayety without a sudden coldness of heart—never look on the quiet night in coming from a ball without a sinking reproach which sleep only can silence.”

Very prettily romanced indeed! Why, Florence, you should write for the Souvenirs. Which of your one hundred and one victims ever suspected peerless perfection of such a drawback as this? Since you have betrayed yourself however, I will tell you in a whisper, that I—(you won’t tell—honor bright?) I—I—repent now and then!—I do indeed. Sometimes of a rainy day, or when the clock strikes one at midnight, or on coming suddenly upon moonlight, or a sweet place in the country, or on seeing unexpectedly a gorgeous sunset—my boyish heart comes back to me, coz, and makes me a very child with its silly weaknesses. Whenever I am taken thus, I go into my own room, and with a locked door and curtains drawn, sit down and read over my old diary—a book in which, besides recording every feeling of my heart, I wrote constantly in rhyme. It would amuse you to look over it. It is crowded with nonsense, of course, the inflated notions of a boy; but when “bit by the dipsas” of childhood, it is to my feverish feelings like water from a cold spring. I

have not looked into it now for a month, but so well are its loose rhymes graven on my memory that I could repeat it from end to end. Shall I give you a specimen? You will remember that it is from a diary, and written by a boy—for there is both carelessness and egotism to excuse. Thus runs a page of recollections :—

“ My childhood has been happy, yet
I had some hours of shadowed thought,
Some hues from darker passions caught,
Some feelings I may not forget.
I have been wandering when the sky
Was black with tempest—when the air
Was rent by the loud Thunderer—
And I have felt that I could die
To utter my defiance. Storm
Has been at times, my passionate,
My ardent love, and I have sate
And wept that I was such a worm,
Having no power to meet or dare
The stalking spirits of the air.

I have had softer feelings. Night
Has pour'd her flood of silver light
Into my very soul; and wings
Have come, in my imaginings,
And fanned the fever of my brow.
I do remember, even now,
How I have gazed till soul and eye
Were fixed in deep idolatry
On that pure planet—how I pray'd
That life's warm pulses might be stay'd—
Pray'd—to give Heaven, and hope, and all
To be one hour etherial.
And I have gazed on woman's eye,
And kindled at its hallowed fire,
And felt her fresh breath passing by
In tones as sweet as Jubal's lyre;
And I have seen her bosom swelling
To hear the softly whisper'd vow,
As if the soul in its deep dwelling
Were all too full for stillness now.
And then I felt as every drop
Of my heart's blood were backward rushing,
And drowning spirit, life, and hope,
In the wild tumult of its gushing.
I cannot tell you how it is—
But one pure glance from woman's eye
Will waken feelings like to this,
And give me deeper, holier bliss
Than a whole world's idolatry.

I never interchang'd with men
My deeper feelings. I have kept
My sanctuary closest when
Their eyes would scan it. They ne'er wept
As I would wish to weep. They never
Have felt a longing wish to die,
But feel as they could live forever

In this world's hollow pageantry.
 How can I hold communion? Still
 It sickens at the heart to keep
 The fountain seal'd—Its waters will—
 Ay, must—or the swell'd heart will break—
 Flow full and freely. I have felt
 As I would give a world to shed
 One burning tear, and yet have dwelt
 As if I were among the dead—
 Myself the only living thing
 Left of a total perishing.

And yet there is a pride in feeling
 That thoughts are mine they never knew—
 That though my heart may need their healing,
 Grief never can my soul subdue.
 There is a pride in self communion
 On things men cannot feel or share ;
 In soaring on a nobler pinion
 To some bright home of purer air
 Where man hath never been. They waken,
 Such thoughts as these, an energy,
 A spirit that will not be shaken
 Till frail mortality shall die.
 They make man nobler than his race,
 And give expansion, strength to thought,
 The tears they start leave not a trace,
 For they are fragrant tears, and fraught
 With soothing power—they heal and bless
 The spirit in its loneliness.

I have peculiar feelings when
 I hear sweet music. I can find
 No sympathy but silence then,
 No kindred eye, nor kindred mind
 To give me back my thoughts. Men are
 Too tame, too passionless. They deem
 My holier feelings singular,
 My heart's delirious joy a dream,
 Myself a strange enthusiast : Still
 It is a source of pride to me
 To feel my blood tumultuously
 Careering at the minstrel's will ;
 To feel the warm unbidden tears
 Press gently through the lash, and know,
 That, though it shame my sterner years,
 There is a luxury in the flow
 Too full for their communion. Strange
 That minds of an immortal birth,
 Formed thro' the universe to range,
 Should so ignobly cling to earth—
 Having no passion but of sense,
 No eye for moral loveliness,
 No hate for mental impotence,
 Degraded, earthly, passionless—
 Just living and no more—like worms,
 Eating the earth their soul deforms.

I have met here and there a heart
 Whose passion pulses beat like mine ;
 Some few who lived, like me, apart,

And learned their feelings to enshrine
Like holy things. I have lived years
In one short hour spent blissfully
In their communion—mingling tears
Till I had been content to die,
My spirit was so chastened. One
I do remember now—a maid
Whose voice came o'er me like a tone
From some lost Peri. I have said
How much I worshipped melody—
And, sure I am, that all the strings
Which I have ever heard will die,
Ay, fade from my rememberings,
Ere I forget that tone. We parted—
I fear—forever! for her cheek,
Save when some thought the life blood started,
Wore not the fresher hues which speak
Of life's continuance. Her eye
Was fraught with too much eloquence,
Its full, fixed gaze was too intense,
Too passionate, not soon to die.
She'll fade ere long—Oh how the flowers,
The fairest flowers of earth, do fall!
How young that hollow grave devours
Life's rosy hopes;—how soon that pall,
Like Heaven's broad mantle, covereth all.

That was a kind of rhyme I was fond of then. Its ease and freedom won on my unpractised ear, and I wrote in it exclusively. The thoughts, as you see, are perfect midsummer madness, just such as a boy would nourish, who had lived alone till he believed himself a hero. And yet with all its folly it was a splendid delusion! I must confess, Florence, I tie my knowingest cravat, now, with less enthusiasm than I felt in those days when walking wet to the skin, bare-headed in the thunder-storm. To climb to the top of a tall pine, and sit and rock for hours in the strong wind, or to pace the dark paths of the woods when the flash of the lightning was my only guide, were passions which filled me with thrilling delight, though, at the same time, a vague suspicion that they might be ridiculous made me indulge in them with guarded secrecy. It amuses me to remember the feelings with which I received the conjectures of my schoolfellows upon my solitary habits. I had naturally a singular kindness for those about me with which my pride was constantly at war, and when my oddities were sneered at, if I could not find cause for resenting it openly, I went away and brooded over it with all the dignified grief of a *Marinus*. I will repeat you a heroic verse or two which I remember inditing on one of these occasions:—

There are some things I cannot bear,
Some looks which rouse my angry hate,
Some hearts whose love I would not share
Till earth and Heaven were desolate.
I cannot bear to be with men
Who only see my weaknesses;

Tete-a-tete Confessions.

Who know not what I might have been,
 But scan my spirit as it is ;
 And when my heart would gush with feeling
 To catch one kind, one sunny look,
 When love would be a leaf of healing,
 But scorn a thing I will not brook—
 Oh it is hard to put the heart
 Alone and desolate away,
 To curl the lip in pride, and part
 With the kind thoughts of yesterday—
 To wear a cold, repulsive brow,
 While kindly feelings throng beneath,
 To know that my proud heart must bow
 Or live in solitude till death—
 And all because men will not see
 That pride is my infirmity.
 'Tis strange they know not that the chill
 Of their own looks hath made me cold ;
 That though my words fall seldom, still
 Their own proud bearing hath controll'd
 My better feelings—They forget
 I have a heart of kindness yet.

“ But where was *la belle passion* among all these extravagancies. Such a prurient fancy as yours could not have been all engrossed in the Platonism of woods and solitudes. Confess, cousin, that there was a softer shade in this boy picture.”

I do—I do! Cytherean Venus ! how I did love Miss Polly D. Low, the pride of the factory on the romantic Shawsheen ! I saw her first in the tenderest twilight of a Saturday evening, washing her feet in the river. I was a lad of some impudence, and I sat down, on a stone beside her, and by the time it was dark we were the best friends possible. She was beautiful. I think so *now*. She was about eighteen, and though four years older than I, my education had more than equalized us. At least, if not the wiser of the two, I was the most skilled in the subtlety of love, and practised with great success “ *les petits ruses*.” She was a tall brunette, and I sometimes fancied, when her eye exhibited more than ordinary feeling, that there was Indian blood under that dark and glowing skin. The valley of the Shawsheen just below the village where I was at school, is a gem of solitary and rich scenery, and the overhanging woods and long meadows afforded the most picturesque and desirable haunts for ramblers who did not care to be met. There, on Saturday afternoons, when she was released from her shuttle and I from my Schrevelius, did we meet and stroll till the nine-o’clock-bell of the factory summoned her unwillingly home. I could go without my supper in those days, Florence, though I doubt if I would now, on such slight occasion. By the time vacation came, I found myself seriously in love—declared my passion, and left her with my heart half broken. We were gone four weeks, and, when I returned, the butcher’s boy was engaged to Miss Low, and I was warned to avoid the factory at

the peril of a flogging. The threat was, of course, superfluous. Her infidelity was a serious grief to me, and, after being miserable a week I had recourse to my usual panacea for all ills—poetry. If you will look away, Florence, I will try to repeat the verses with becoming gravity. Imagine the heroine's name to be Clementina, or Saccharissa :—

Farewell—the tie is broken. Thou
 With all thou wert to me hast parted—
 I feel it on my burning brow—
 I could not else be broken hearted.
 I may not weep—I cannot sigh—
 A weight is pressing on my breast,
 A breath breathes on me witheringly,
 My tears are dry, my sighs suppress,
 I almost wish my spirit were at rest.

Farewell—I've loved thee much !—I feel
 That my idolatry was deep ;
 I know my heart can never heal
 Till in the grave my passions sleep.
 Yet—I upbraid thee not—my love
 Was all I had to offer thee—
 Love in its lone simplicity ;
 How could I deem thou wouldst approve ?
 How hope to draw an angel from above ?

I cannot hate—although its gall
 Would bind my wounded spirit up,
 Ay, sweeten mine embitter'd cup—
 I love thee still. I feel thy thrall
 Like chains that sear, but bind me yet ;
 I feel that I could die to bring
 To my crush'd hopes a withering—
 Could die—if I could all forget
 That thou hadst spurned my love—nor felt regret.

Farewell—my blessing on thee ! Live
 Still in thy hallowed loveliness—
 I've tried—but no!—I cannot bless
 Another too ! I may forgive,
 But oh the tie to life would part—
 My heart would burst to bless him. Go !
 We may not meet again below—
 But wipe not out my memory from thy heart.

That's *bathos*—but it was *pathos* when it was written. I remember thinking at the time that I should stifle with the sick, leaden, oppressive closeness about my heart. I can scarce realize now that the passion was real—but that is not so much a wonder. I was speculating on that subject a day or two since, while giving some advice to a young literary friend of mine. He is a genius, a real, positive genius, and has qualities of a personal character, which, in connection with his talents, will one day elevate him to the first rank of society. He had fallen in love with a pretty brunette, however,

and, though poor, and without prospects, he was balancing the question of the desperate step. I was fortunate enough to reason him out of it, and have thus saved him, I doubt not, a life-time repentance. One of the greatest phenomena I know of, Florence, is the deluded sincerity of every stage in the progress of taste. Who ever brought himself to believe that his present impressions were incorrect and would alter with time? Who ever sat down deliberately and put aside his enthusiasm with the thought that it would become ludicrous hereafter? Who that is young (and I suspect it is as true of the old) does not think himself, now, at this passing moment, in his zenith?—if not wiser, at least fresher than he will ever be—if not richer, more content—if not so complete in his accomplishments or so manly in his bearing, still, more original, and vivid, and graceful, and therefore, on the whole, happier and better. It is difficult for any one to understand the relative standard of life. The ascent through the many strata of rank and consequence, by one who is born to rise, is so slow, that the heart finds time in each to put out its tendrils and cling. This is so true, that you cannot find an ambitious and successful aspirant in any walk of glory, (save such as deaden the heart) who is not fettered with by-gone and inferior attachments—the dignity of his fame affected constantly by early, and, to the world, unbecoming and unaccountable partialities. In the passion of love for instance, the school-boy, who is born to wealth and distinction, thinks the village beauty peerless; the student who is to honor his country's scholarship worships the eternal daughter of his Professor; and the new Lion of a blue stocking circle wastes his sonnets on the patronizing and intellectual "Miss Brown." There is a perpetual hallucination about genius, which colors every thing goldenly. If its possessor is kept low, the vulgar beings about him are always the heroines of his fancy, and if he rises to cultivated society, the first high-bred woman who notices him, be she ugly as Leonarda, in his grateful enthusiasm becomes the queen of grace and dignity.

"Very true, but very didactic, *mon cousin*! I pray you abandon that vein. I am in the humor for any thing else. Have you no more *jets de l'amour* in your memory to let off for my amusement. The mock heroic of your youth is quite like a comedy."

Comedy to the spectator, but tragedy to the actor—a very pretty inversion of things. No, Florence, I'll show up no more of my live Amaryllises to you. But I was addicted to ideal passions which were scarcely less violent and to which I look back with a far more pleased dignity of remembrance. Sappho—"burning Sappho!"—with what a glowing idolatry of imagination I mused upon the immortal story of the beautiful Grecian, and in what impatient, though inadequate poetry I painted and sung my conceptions of her character and

fate ! I remember attempting among other things, her "Last Song."
A part of it ran thus :

My life has been a rapid stream
Made deeper by the rain of tears ;
My hours have fleeted like a dream,
And yet those hours to me were years,
So fraught were they with feeling. Love
Has lent life's wings a rosy hue ;
But ah ! Love's dyes were caught above—
They brighten—but they wither too.
Still do I not regret the fire
Which, while it burnt, has purified ;
I would not change this glorious pyre,
My burning love, for all the pride
And pomp of glittering heartlessness ;
I would not break my golden lyre,
Nor love its hallow'd tones the less,
Though all my woman's hope expire
Upon its fevered chords. Oh life
Should never linger in the heart
Of injur'd woman. She should die
Ere one bright, rosy hue depart
From the lip's loveliness, and fly
At the first breath which stirs her wing,
The very hour her heart is riven,
Ere tears have come, or sorrowing,
All spotless as she is, to Heaven.

I love to look upon that sea
Where I shall find my early grave ;
It is so like my life and me—
There is so much in its wild wave,
Like what I've always been. Beneath
There ever is an icy chill,
A dark, drear flow, a living death,
A nameless, ceaseless tide of ill ;
And yet upon its surface ride
The splendors of the white wave-crest,
And o'er it holy moonbeams glide,
Or on its bosom sink to rest,
And beautiful, bright things are sleeping,
Ay, in its stormiest hour, beneath,
And Peri forms their vigils keeping
O'er maids who breathe but passion's breath,
And who are troubled not, nor wake
At the loud waves above them breaking,
Whose thirst for love no thought can slake,
And yet whose love knows no forsaking.

Passion !—passion ! It is the history of a boy's life. When is there a time in manhood, when a dream—an idea only, of beauty—can engross the whole tide of existence ? I have loved Sappho, and the "quaint, delicate Ariel," Juliet and Endymion, the gentle Rosalind, and chaste Florimel—every creation of poetry that won upon my boyish fancy, without distinction of sex, by the mere force and sweetness of poetic beauty. It has followed me—that same dispo-

sition for imaginary passions—up to this very moment. Every fine character of the novelist haunts me for a time with an inevitable affection. Di. Vernon, and Flora McIvor, and Catherine Seyton, and Allston's painted Beatrice—all have had their hour.

"Speaking of 'hours,' cousin, do you know that that last 'beat of the bell' was twelve?"

You should not have known it when I was so eloquent, Florence! It would be a little more *a la spirituelle* in you, to prefer waking in

"these lone and silent hours,"

When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness."

But good night! Sweet dreams to you, "an' you *will* sleep!"

THE DYING BOY.

His soft cheek press'd the pillow, and its hue
So late like the fresh rose's heart, was pale—
While on his clustering curls those chill dews hung
Which fall but once. Yet o'er that innocent brow
Where fatal languor settled, flash'd the light
Of intellect, and still those faded lips
Mov'd earnestly.—

"What do you seek, my son?"

"I spoke but to my mother."

"Spoke to whom?"

"To my dear mother."

Then there was a pause
Of thrilling bitterness, too deep for words.—
—"Boy—Boy, your mother slumbers in the grave—
You stood on its dark brink—you heard these words,
'Ashes to ashes!'—and your little hand
Clasp'd mine convulsively, as the cold clods
Came heavily down.—Scarce two lone moons have rear'd
Their full orbs since.—Have you *so soon* forgot,
Or were you dreaming, love?

Deem not he err'd!

For she who o'er his cradle breath'd the prayer,—
That *mother's* prayer, which hath the key of heaven,—
Was nearer to her son that hour, than ye
Who *call yourselves the living*—and yet dwell
In Death's own realm, beneath his lifted dart.—
How bright the smile that met his dazzled eye
Ye may not scan, until from films of earth
Your own is purified.—But if her lip

Hail'd his first entrance to this vale of tears
 With rapture's speechless kiss—doubt not it pour'd
 Far warmer welcome to that clime of bliss
 Which hath no death-pang. Therefore his glaz'd eye
 Was lighted up so gloriously, when he
 In that low sob scarce heard by mortal ear
 "Spake to his mother."—

—If celestial bands
 Feel for the stranger-habitants of clay
 A hallow'd tide of guardian sympathy,
 Folding their wings around them, as they run
 Time's slippery race—with what a flood of joy,
 With what refin'd, exulting intercourse,
 At Heaven's bright threshold, when all ills are past,
 A mother meets her child!

—Tis o'er!—Tis o'er!—
 All earthly strife in that faint sigh doth end.—
 Wrap the white grave-robe round the stainless form,
 And lay it by *her* side whose breast so oft
 Was the fond pillow for his golden hair—
 Write o'er his narrow tomb—"tis well!—tis well!"—
 Then turn away and weep:—for weep we must,
 When our most beautiful and treasur'd things
 Pass from the shaded earth.

How can we yield
 The roses of our pilgrimage, and find
 The holiest bowers of rest, in ruin laid
 Without a tear?—Yet *He* who wills the wound
 Can shed such balm-drops o'er the riven heart,
 That its most poignant and deep-rooted grief
 Shall bear blest fruit for heaven.

H.

 BURKE.

WORKS OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE EDMUND BURKE. *Reprinted*
from the last London Edition. Boston: Wells and Lilly.

ALTHOUGH it is, at this moment, a tardy acknowledgement to the enterprising publishers of these volumes, yet we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction that they have furnished, in a form so useful, beautiful and cheap, the first tolerably complete edition of Burke's works which has appeared in the United States. We wish

that they might accompany the retirement of every student in our country. For us, as well as Englishmen, they form the proper object of severe and constant study. They were not produced to subserve the interests of party, far less to accomplish the designs of private selfishness. No transitory ingredient mingled in the purposes for which they were written. Neither are they applicable, like most speculations in political science, merely to that form of government which may chance to have prevailed in the native country of the author. They belong, not to England alone, but to the world. Every man, whatever be his occupation, who seeks to adorn and invigorate his own mind, by an intimate acquaintance with the dead, but sceptred monarchs of the intellect, will go to the character and writings of Edmund Burke, as to an unceasing fountain of noble and sublime contemplation, of magnificent and powerful language, of rich and elevating thought, of profound, practical, comprehensive wisdom.

No possible phraseology, that does not violate the consecrated forms of religious homage, is too strong to express our unlimited admiration of this wonderful man. We are compelled, by evidence which we cannot resist, to believe him the most able, patriotic and consistent statesman, without all exception, that ever lifted his voice in the British Parliament—that ever lighted on this degraded sphere of humanity. The hunt of obloquy by which he was pursued to the last moment of existence, and the malignant fury that still continues to assail his memory, when we call to mind the circumstances out of which it springs, only confirms us the more inflexibly in this belief. We know that all stern and uncompromising virtue, displayed in the lofty and responsible situations of life, till the guilty become good, and the ignorant enlightened, will forever be accompanied by such a testimony to its purity. We remember “that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory; that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph.” When Antisthenes heard his praises from the mouths of the populace, “I fear,” said he, “that I have done something wrong.” Applause from the vile is always suspicious, if not degrading; for no good man can ever have the universal suffrage in his favor.

As Americans, we have additional and peculiar motives to cherish, with no common reverence and tenderness, the memory of Burke. We never can forget the animating exhibition of his decided, liberal, humane and noble spirit, when he put forth the vast energies of his

intellect, in all the novelty and fresh vigor of their earliest parliamentary exercise, with an intensity of effort that asked for no relaxation, a perseverance that defied all disappointment, and an overwhelming eloquence that distanced all competition, in unqualified resistance to the oppression of our ancestors, through the darkest periods of their revolutionary contest. We never can forget, that, "in that eventful struggle which severed this mighty empire from the British crown, there was not heard throughout our continent in arms a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America than that of Burke, or of Chatham, within the walls of the British Parliament, and at the foot of the British throne." His name thus stands in dignified and deeply interesting connexion with some of the dearest passages in all our revolutionary history. Till all intercourse of a pacific nature was rendered utterly impossible between Great Britain and the colonies, he presented their petitions and transacted their business at her court, as agent for the state of New-York, with that prompt firmness, and comprehensive accuracy, which formed a part of his character through life.

Burke was the friend of Franklin—the only English statesman for whom that venerable patriot and philosopher could express his profound admiration and sincere esteem. He was the liberator of the injured Laurens, whose petition from the tower of London, written with a lead pencil on the blank leaf of a book, and conveyed to Burke, found in him an advocate of energetic and effectual benevolence.

We have been loud in our protestations of gratitude to that living hero, who, with so much sublimity, devoted himself and his fortune to the cause of our country in the hour of her need; let us not be unjust to the memory of that departed statesman, whose influence, different, indeed, in kind, but perhaps equal in degree, was exerted with the same purity and nobleness of motive, in the same glorious cause. Who, at this period, shall pretend to determine the measure of encouragement, which the unwearied intellect of Burke infused into the failing spirits of our ancestors? The presence of Lafayette revived, animated and excited the people in whose ranks he fought. Burke's energy of soul flashed, like an electrical impulse, through the hearts of their leaders. His moral and intellectual influence was felt throughout all their political councils. The former came forth from the bosom of a country, whose whole intelligence was kindling with strong and peculiar interest for the success of our struggle against a nation, which had been, from time immemorial, their own inveterate

foe. The voice of the latter rose up and was heard distinctly from amidst all the wild war-cry of our enemies.

The local situation of our republic, in regard to the kingdom of Great Britain, enables us to decide upon the character and conduct of her great men with far more accuracy and candor, than the common multitude of their own contemporaries can be expected to possess. He who stands aloof from the conflict, and takes in the whole field at a glance, can observe the measures, and determine the merits of a thousand competitors, with a justness of discrimination, which those in the heat of the combat are necessarily unable to exercise. On the same principle, our circumstances give us the opportunity of forming a more correct and comprehensive estimate of an English statesman, than he can hope to obtain from his own countrymen, till the lapse of time shall have been such as to wear away the asperities of party feeling, and almost obliterate the very letters once engraven on his tombstone. We might perform for him the office of posterity, and anticipate in regard to his real merit, the decision of a future generation. It is certain, however, that we do not avail ourselves of this knowledge. Instead of making up our opinion of men from the view of their measures and the study of their writings, the convictions of other minds are too often received by us upon trust; and in very many cases we come to be influenced by the same eulogies and calumnies, reproaches, accusations, prejudices and flatteries, which are, in England, retailed in the bitterness of party spirit, or may be traced exclusively to the prevalence of some motive yet more ungenerous and detestable. In relation to the general estimate of Burke which has been formed throughout the United States, we fear it cannot be denied, that this has been true to a degree very much to be lamented. His character and writings demand, and will obtain, from the universal voice of posterity in his own country, that impartial judgment, which time alone can elaborate and ratify. But from us they claim, at this moment, a more than common reverence; it is incumbent on us to cherish them now, with a peculiar and sanctified esteem. We propose to examine his political opinions, and the consistency with which he maintained them through life, and to take a general survey of his public and private character.

Before we enter on the particulars of our task, let us cast a momentary glance over the age in which Burke acted, and of which he may emphatically be styled *the subject*. Of all profane history, no period but that of the Reformation is so full of importance and

crowded with interest, as that of the last seventy-five years. The man for whom it is reserved to depict its scenes, if he should execute his undertaking in a manner worthy of its dignity, will send his name down to posterity with more true applause, than has ever been awarded to the historian of any age or nation. It has been a period fruitful of great changes and vast improvements; and abundant, like all revolutionary periods, in men of gigantic abilities, gigantic virtues, and gigantic crimes. Of some of its revolutions the results can never be calculated; for, in all probability, they will never have been fully developed, till "time shall be no longer." In America the political state of the whole continent has been re-modelled. In Europe the face of society has been completely altered. Its elements have been stirred up, even to their dregs. The most sluggish and inert of its ingredients have been shaken into activity, and commingled and agitated in a manner so terrible, that the tempest of commotion has not to this day been stilled. While it was raging with its utmost violence, it seemed as if the angel of John's Revelation had sounded, and the vials of God's wrath had been poured out upon the nations. For a time, the people of France seemed totally abandoned by the Deity; as if to show, by one tremendous example, to what frightful lengths of savagely ferocious cruelty, and furious impiety, and diabolical wickedness, the unmitigated passions of mankind will carry them, when they have banished the Bible as a proscribed book, and cast off the discipline of virtue, and erased the image of religion from their souls, and blotted out the eternal ordinances of morality from their statute books, and made "atheists their preachers, and madmen their lawgivers." This delirious chaos of disorder and crime could hardly have been more fiercely malignant and tempestuous, if Abaddon himself, with a legion of his most infernal fiends, had been at work around that "hot alembic of hell," which Burke described as "boiling so furiously" in the heart of Regicide France. Not content with having liberated themselves from all the wholesome restraints of order and piety, and anticipated, in their own society upon earth, the discord, and uproar, and guilt, and misery, of the infernal regions, they sought to combine the whole world in one universal brotherhood of anarchy and vice. All the states, and monarchies, and empires, and kingdoms, upon which this volcano disgorged its fires, from the straits of Gibraltar to the pyramids of Egypt and the icy metropolis of Russia, were overturned dismembered, disorganized, and crushed into such undistinguishable confusion, that it was long before the ancient consti-

tution of things could be discovered, and in any measure redeemed from the ruins under which it was buried. The effect of the French revolution, on the moral and political condition of the nations which fell under its power, was analagous to that which would be produced upon the face of nature, if another general flood should heave its vast surges over the earth. It was as if the fountains of the great deep had been broken up, and a universal deluge rolled forth once more upon the world—whole continents rent asunder—huge mountains pushed from their foundations—vast islands moved out of their places—all the wide landmarks of nature obliterated, till, on the waters subsiding, even the great outlines of her former features, for a time, could hardly be distinguished. We would hope that the analogy may be continued yet farther, and that this thorough disturbance of the moral and political constitution of Europe will be followed by results as fruitful, as we might suppose would spring out of the rich, moist surface of the deluged and fertilized globe.

Amidst all this conflict of the elements, Burke seems, like some mighty enchanter, to whom such power has been committed for a season by the all-wise and all-powerful Intelligence—to rule the whirlwind, to point the lightning, to roll the thunder, and ride upon the storm. For years he had been carefully reading the signs of the times. He had looked with deep suspicion on the immoral and atheistical state of society that long prevailed among the French people, and he was not greatly surprised at its result. He had been watching with keen discernment the kindling commotion of the continent, from its first light sparklings, till it blazed into a wide conflagration that threatened to set the world on fire. When the cloud in the political horizon was no bigger than a man's hand, he foretold the coming hurricane. When it began to sweep over the shores of England, surcharged and impregnated with principles of French chaos, plague, terror and desolation, and was already loosening from their foundations the goodly and venerable fabrics of authority, he invoked the assistance of heaven, and cast forth upon the tempest a spell of moral energy, that had power to arrest its progress and paralyze its force.

When the American revolution approached, it was a glorious sight to behold him cutting himself free from legal technicalities and regal prejudices, and asserting, against the tyranny of power, the true, inalienable rights of the most distant portions of Great Britain's empire. It was a still more glorious spectacle, that will not soon again be realized, to behold one man, when the French desolation

burst upon the world, prophesying, from the fearful auguries of the day, the future fate of all Europe, and commanding, for a season, the destinies of his own nation—not with physical, but with moral and intellectual energies. To see him, when the vision of ministers and statesmen was darkened, and the powers of government were shaken, and the fair fabric of society threatened with destruction, step forward alone upon the scene, and unfold its true meaning to the common intellect of the nation, and rule, with undisputed control, the agitated mass of an ignorant and angry populace. The half century of his active existence was a period nobly fitted for the exertion of his magnificent abilities. At every step of his progress he met subjects, on which he could lay out the whole strength of his comprehensive intellect. And on every opportunity of its exercise, he had to grapple with an opposition, which only his abundant power could grasp and overthrow. Through his whole life, his mind was at work with intense force on all the wonderful events of his age. He had a grand and unlimited field of action; and, by the prompt decision with which he placed himself foremost on all great occasions, by the wisdom and genius with which he marshalled and led in person the moral and mental energies of England, and redeemed the mighty responsibilities that rested upon him, as well as by the eloquent record of his intellect left for the ages to come, he has rendered himself, to all generations, the prominent subject of the age in which he lived.

No public individual was ever more liberally loaded, during his lifetime, with outrageous invectives and calumnies, than this great statesman. Such was his own nobleness of mind, that he ever refused to pay them the slightest attention. “I can *live down* such calumnies.” “If I cannot live down these contemptible calumnies, my dear friend, I shall never deign to contradict them in any other manner.” They gradually died with the purposes and persons by which they were produced, and the French revolution is made the rallying place for all modern slanders on his memory and writings. When that event began to open on the world, he is declared, by the creed of his enemies, to have suddenly forsaken all the political principles he had previously held, and to have adopted and thenceforward supported a system of politics totally and diametrically opposed to all that other system, which it had been the business and the pride of his whole existence to explain and confirm. After a long life spent in defence of liberty and resistance to oppression, he is asserted to have turned the whole power of his abilities to batter down the temple of freedom, whose broad foundations he had labored

to extend. By his timely opposition to the French scheme of universal anarchy and popular despotism, he is accused of having left a damning stain of inconsistency on his public character; of having utterly deviated from that noble career of patriotism he had formerly pursued. His apostacy is stated to have been so deep and incurable, that all his actions, speeches and writings, from the French revolution to the day of his death, form but one glaring and absolute contradiction to all that he had ever acted, written or spoken during his previous existence. His works before and after that epoch, are said to appear like two great continents, with an ocean rolling between them, each inhabited by its own peculiar and dissimilar races of beings. In addition to all this, it is most gratuitously affirmed, that he had long premeditated that dereliction from his principles with which he is charged, and that he only seized upon the French revolution as a plausible occasion for the predetermined abandonment of his party. The aspersions cast upon his motives for this disruption of political ties are equally vile and abusive with those ancient slanders, of which he was wont to say that he "could live down such calumnies," and may be refuted by the same method—a reference to the uncorrupted tenor of his life. The accusations we have mentioned are such, that those who have not diligently studied the writings and investigated the history of Burke, might easily be persuaded to believe. They are indeed of such magnitude and impudence, that we have no doubt many have been led to imagine them true, from the consideration, that unless there were some foundation in reality, such worthless calumnies could not have been uttered. And yet there is no sane man but what must be compelled, after a candid perusal of the works of Burke, and the history of his times, to pronounce them the groundless fabrications of injustice and party animosity.

We apply to this scrutiny the same principles of investigation with which we examine any author, in the exercise of our critical inquiries. In order to prove the integrity of the authors of our sacred books, we resort to the books themselves. In like manner, we take it for granted, that a public man's inconsistency, and Burke's especially, if exhibited anywhere, would most certainly appear in palpable deformity through all his speeches, and stand out in black relief on the very face of his political writings. For this reason, his works constitute an everlasting monument, not only to his transcendent ability, but to his perfect integrity and consistency; they are the last resort to which every man must appeal, for a final estimate, in his own mind, of the merits of his character. It is this appeal which we

shall endeavor to make, by selecting from his writings and speeches and letters, before and after the French revolution, all passages which can, with any propriety of interpretation, be made to bear upon the subject of our inquiry. We shall compare all sentiments and reasonings, which exhibit the slightest apparent contradiction to each other, or which have been or might be adduced by Mr. Burke's bitterest enemies, to support against him the charge of inconsistency in his principles. We challenge the severest, the most malicious, and most vigilant scrutiny, to discover in his publications after the revolution, a single sentence of actual contradiction to anything in all his previous productions.

It is a consideration of great importance to be borne in mind and carried with us to such an examination, that, when Burke wrote, he could not have had the slightest presentiment that his writings would ever be subjected, for such a purpose, to a scrutiny so keen and malignant as they have undergone. Of course, the design of avoiding any appearance of contradiction, was one which could not even have suggested itself to his mind—much less influenced his expressions. It was no part of his intention to guard against constructions, and prepare for an arraignment, the bare idea of which never glanced upon his fancy.

Our first quotations present his opinions, before and after the French revolution, on the discontents among the people and misconduct in the government.

"I am not one of those who think that the people are never in the wrong. They have been so, frequently and outrageously, But I do say that in all disputes between men and their rules, the presumption is at least on a par in favor of the people. Experience, may perhaps justify me in going further. When popular discontents have been very prevalent, it may well be affirmed and supported, that there has been, generally, something found amiss in the constitution, or in the conduct of government. The people have no interest in disorder. When they do wrong, it is their error, not their crime. But with the governing part of the state, it is far otherwise. They certainly may act ill by design, as well as by mistake."—*Thoughts on the cause of the present discontents.* vol. 1. p. 356. date 1770.

"It is very rare indeed for men to be wrong in their feelings concerning public misconduct; as rare to be right in their speculations on the cause of it."—*The same.* p. 357.

"We are convinced that the disorders of the people, in the present time and in the present place, are owing to the usual and natural cause of such disorders in all times and in all places, where such have prevailed, the misconduct of government; that they are owing to plans lain in error, pursued with obstinacy, and conducted without wisdom."—*Address to the King.* 1777. vol. 5. p. 125.

"——; late reformatations are made under a state of inflammation, In that state of things the people behold in government nothing that is respectable. They see the abuse and they see nothing else. They fall into the temper of a

furious populace provoked at the disorder of a house of ill fame ; they never attempt to correct or regulate ; they go to work by the shortest way—they abate the nuisance, they pull down the house.”—*Speech on the Economical reform*. 1780. vol. 2. p. 147.

This last quotation applies with great truth to the revolutionary mania of the people of France. We come now to his opinions on the same subjects in the latter part of his life.

“I am far from asserting that men will not excite disturbances without just cause. I know that such an assertion is not true. But, neither is it true that disturbances have never just complaints for their origin.”—*Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe*. 1792. p. 496.

——“An objection to this concession—that this numerous class of people is mutinous, disorderly, prone to sedition, &c.—I have great doubt of the exactness of any part of this observation. But let us admit that the body of the Catholics, are prone to sedition, (of which, as I have said, I entertained much doubt,) is it possible that any fair observer or fair reasoner can think of confining this description to them only ? I believe it to be possible for men to be mutinous and seditious who feel no grievance : but I believe no man will assent seriously, that when people are of a turbulent spirit, the best way to keep them in order is to furnish them with something substantial to complain of. What I have always thought of the matter, is this—that the most poor, illiterate and uninformed creatures upon earth, are judges of a practical oppression. It is a matter of feeling, and as such persons generally have felt most of it, and are not of an overlively sensibility, they are the best judges of it. But for the real cause or the appropriate remedy, they ought never to be called into council about the one or other. They ought to be totally shut out ; because their reason is weak ; because when once roused, their passions are ungoverned ; because they want information ; because the smallness of the property which individually they possess, renders them less attentive to the consequence of the measures they adopt in affairs of moment.”—*Letter, &c.* 1792. vol. 3. p. 485-6.

“Great discontents frequently arise in the best constituted governments, from causes which no human wisdom can foresee, and no human power can prevent. They occur at uncertain periods, but at periods, which are not commonly far asunder. Governments of all kinds are administered only by men ; and great mistakes, tending to inflame these discontents may concur. The indecision of those who happen to rule at the critical time, their supine neglect, or their precipitate and ill-judged attention, may aggravate the public misfortunes,” &c. &c.—*Appeal from the new to the old whigs*, 1791. vol. 3. p. 426.—*See also on this subject*. vol. 5. p. 354, 260. vol. 2. 101-2, 253-4. vol. 3. 422-358.

Conformable to such sentiments is the general tenor of his writings. He thought that the people of France were not mistaken in their opinion of the abuses of Government and the tyranny of power. He “hated the old despotism” of France, but believed it worthy of reform. He saw the people led forward from discontent to innovation, from innovation to destruction, from destruction to furious anarchy and shameless democracy ; and bad as the old despotism was, he hated the new one of the mob still more bitterly.

Next came his opinions of the aristocracy.

“It is true that the peers have a great influence in the kingdom, and in every part of the public concerns. While they are men of property, it is impossible to

prevent it, except by such means as must prevent all property from its natural operations ; an event not easily compassed while property is power ; nor by any means to be wished, while the least notion exists of the method by which the spirit of liberty acts, and the means by which it is preserved. If any particular peers, by their uniform, upright, constitutional conduct, by their public and their private virtues, have acquired an influence in the country ; the people on whose favor that influence depends, and from whom it arose, will never be duped into an opinion, that such greatness in a peer is the despotism of an aristocracy, when they know and feel it to be the effect and pledge of their importance."

"I am no friend to aristocracy, *in the sense at least, in which that word is usually understood*. If it were not a bad habit to moot cases on the supposed ruin of the constitution, I should be free to declare that if it must perish, I would rather by far, see it resolved in any other form, than lost in that austere and insolent domination. The generality of peers, far from supporting themselves in a state of independent greatness, are but too apt to fall into an oblivion of their proper dignity, and to run headlong into an abject servitude. Would to God it were true that the fault of our peers were too much spirit !"—*Thoughts, &c.* 1770. vol. 1. p. 370.

"I am accused, I am told abroad, of being a man of aristocratic principles. If by aristocracy they mean the peers, I have no vulgar admiration, nor any vulgar antipathy towards them. *I hold them to be of an absolute necessity in the constitution*, but I think they are only good when kept within their proper bounds. When indeed the smallest rights of the poorest people in the kingdom are in question, I would set my face against any act of pride and power countenanced by the highest that are in it ; and if it should come to the last extremity, and to a contest of blood—God forbid—God forbid !—my part is taken ; I would take my fate with the poor and low and feeble. *But if these people come to turn their liberty into a cloak for maliciousness, and to seek a privilege of exemption, not from power, but from virtuous discipline and the rules of morality, then I would join my hand to make them feel the force which a few united in a good cause have over a multitude of the profligate and ferocious.*"—*Speech on a bill for repealing the marriage act.*—vol. 5. p. 392. 1781.

"Kings are naturally lovers of low company. They are rather apt to hate, than to love their nobility, on account of the occasional resistance to their will, which will be made by their virtue, their petulance or their pride. It is therefore important to have about his person a great number of his first nobility. Though they are not much better for a court, a court will be much the better for them."—*Speech on Economical Reform.* 1780. vol. 2. p. 192.

His views after the revolution follow.

"A true natural aristocracy is not a separate interest in the state, or separable from it. It is an essential integrant part of any large body, rightly constituted. It is formed out of a class of legitimate presumptions, which, taken as generalities, must be admitted for actual truths. To be bred in a place of estimation—to see nothing low and sordid from one's infancy—to be taught to respect one's-self &c. &c. These are the circumstances of men that form, what I should call a natural aristocracy, without which, there is no nation. The state of civil society, which necessarily generates this aristocracy is a state of nature, and much more truly so than a savage and incoherent mode of life."—*Appeal.* 1791. vol. 3. p. 408.

"All this violent outcry against the nobility, I take to be a mere work of art. To be honored and privileged by the laws, opinions and inveterate usages of our country, growing out of the prejudice of ages, has nothing to provoke horror and indignation in any man. What is there to shock in this? Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. He feels no ennobling principles in his own heart, who wishes to level all the artificial institutions, which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion and a permanence to fugitive esteem. *Omnes boni nobilitati semper favemus*, was

the saying of a wise and good man. It is indeed one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind, to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity."—*Reflections*. 1790. vol. 3. p. 161.

We are totally at a loss to discover any inconsistency whatever in these passages. In the former he holds the order of nobility in a decent respect, which is equally distant from vulgar antipathy and vulgar admiration; he regards it as an order useful, dignifying and beneficial to the court and kingdom. In the latter he esteems it an ornament to the civil order. In both he believes it of absolute necessity in the constitution. An aristocracy in the vulgar sense of the word—a proud and insolent domination—he reprobates with contempt. A natural aristocracy he deems essential to the very being of the nation. As it is influenced by a presentiment of the success which opened on his vision years afterwards, he marks out the part which he would take in a drama like that of the revolution, with the virtuous and noble few against a profligate and ferocious multitude. Perhaps a greater warmth of feeling in favor of the order of nobility is displayed in the latter quotations than in the former ones. Who will be so unjust as wilfully to forget the different circumstances under which they were written. In one case that order was in imminent danger of being crushed from existence by an overwhelming anarchy. In the other this liberty of the people was in danger almost as imminent, of being overshadowed and extinguished in an "austere and insolent domination." A letter from Dr. Priestley, inserted in his biography, proves that the ideas formed of Burke's sentiments on this subject from the perusal of his publication on the discontents, by the *admirers of the French revolution*, were very similar to those which *they* entertained in regard to him after that event. Dr. Priestley speaks of that then recent work, as "a pamphlet, of which neither Mr. Lee nor myself concealed our disapprobation, thinking the principles of it much too aristocratical!"

We next quote his opinions on the propriety and legality of a revolution.

"Has he well considered what an immense operation any change in our constitution is? how many discussions, parties and passions it will necessarily excite? and when you open it to enquiry in any part, where the enquiry will stop? Experience shows us that no time can be fit for such changes, but a time of general confusion; when good men, finding every thing already broken up, think it right to take the opportunity of such derangement in favor of an useful alteration. Perhaps a time of the greatest security and tranquillity, both at home and abroad may likewise be fit; but will the author affirm this to be just such a time? Transferring an idea of military, to civil prudence, he ought to know how dangerous it is to make an alteration of your disposition in the face of your enemy."—*Observations*, &c., 1769. vol. 1. p. 303.

"In the situation in which we stand, with an immense revenue, an enormous debt, mighty establishments, government itself a great banker and a great merchant, I see no other way for the preservation of a decent attention to public interest in the representatives, but the interposition of the body of the people itself, whenever it shall appear by some flagrant and notorious act, by some capital innovation, that these representatives are going to overleap the fences of the law, and to introduce an arbitrary power. This interposition is a most unpleasant remedy. But, if it be a legal remedy, it is intended on some occasions to be used; *to be used then, only when it is evident that nothing else can hold the constitution to its true principles.*"—*Thoughts, &c.* 1770. vol. 1. p. 419.

What sort of an interposition of the people that could be, which was at the same time legal, and intended not to alter, innovate or overturn, but to reform—intended only to call their representatives to a proper attention to their interest, Burke has left us no means of determining; since this is the only passage throughout the pamphlet in which it is mentioned, and even here he barely hints at the possibility of its becoming a measure of prudence, and fit only for a case of the most desperate extremity, when all law is trampled under the foot of power, and nothing else can preserve the constitution. It was written at the period when the influence of the monarch and the authority of his ministers had increased to an unexampled degree; when corruption, venality, and degrading submission had become the marked characteristics of the British Parliament; when the illegal and unconstitutional measures of the expulsion of Wilkes and the admission into the House of Commons of a man not elected by the people was openly and daringly defended, and all vestiges of manly freedom seemed ready to be swept away by the uncontrolled spirit of despotic power.

"The revolution (of 1688) is a departure from the ancient course of the descent of this monarchy. The people at that time re-entered into their original rights; and it was not because a positive law authorised what was then done, but because the freedom and safety of the subject, the origin and cause of all laws, required a proceeding paramount and superior to them."—*Address to the King.* 1777. vol. 5. p. 137.

"It would be wise to attend upon the order of things; and not to attempt to out-run the slow, but smooth and even course of nature. There are occasions, I admit, of public necessity so vast, so clear, so evident, that they supersede all laws, law being only made for the benefit of the community, cannot, in any one of its parts, resist a demand which may comprehend the total of the public interest. To be sure such a demand can set itself up against the cause and reason of all law. But such a case very rarely happens, &c. &c."—*Economical Reform.* 1730. vol. 2. p. 186.

Now observe his sentiments after the revolution, on the very same subject.

"The speculative line of demarcation, where obedience ought to end, and resistance must begin, is faint, obscure, and not easily definable. It is not a single act or a single event which determines it. Governments must be abused and de-

ranged indeed, before it can be thought of, and the prospect of the future must be as bad as the experience of the past. When things are in that lamentable condition, the nature of the disease is to indicate the remedy to those whom nature has qualified to administer in extremities, this critical, ambiguous, bitter potion to a distempered state. Times and occasions and provocations will teach their own lessons. The wise will determine from the gravity of the case; the irritable from sensibility to oppression; the highminded from disdain and indignation at abusive power in unworthy hands; the brave and noble, from the love of honorable danger in a glorious cause; but with or without right, a revolution will be the very last resource of the thinking and the good."—*Reflections*. 1791. vol. 3. p. 48.

"The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty, at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen, but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. This necessity is no exception to the rule; because this necessity itself, is a part too, of that moral and physical disposition of things, to which man must be obedient by conduct or force, but if that which is only submission to necessity, should be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed; and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled from this world of reason and order and peace and virtue and fruitful penitence into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow."—*Reflections*. 1791. vol. 3. p. 117.

"Without attempting to define what never can be defined, the case of a revolution in government, this, I think may be safely affirmed, that a sore and pressing evil is to be removed, and that a good, great in its amount and unequivocal in its nature, must be probable, almost to certainty, before the inestimable price of our own morals, and the well being of a number of our fellow beings is paid for a revolution. If ever we ought to be economists, even to parsimony, it is in the voluntary productions of evil. Every revolution contains in it something of evil."—*Appeal, &c.* 1791. vol. 3. p. 335.

Such is the eloquent tenor of his thoughts upon this subject after the revolution; singularly coincident with what he had advanced before. See also on this topic p. 40. Let us now examine his opinions on the different branches of the English constitution, on the King, the Lords and the Commons.

"It is not the derivation of the House of Commons from the people, which makes it in a distinct sense their representative. The king is the representative of the people; so are the lords; so are the judges. They are all trustees for the people, as well as the commons; because no power is given for the sole sake of the holder, and although government is certainly an institution of divine authority, yet its forms, and the persons who administer it, all originate from the people. A popular origin cannot therefore be the characteristical distinction of a popular representative. This belongs equally to all parts of government, in all forms."—*Thoughts, &c.* 1770. vol. 16. p. 396-7.

"How came they (the people) neither to have the choice of kings or lords or judges or generals or admirals or bishops or priests or ministers or justices of the peace? Why. What have you to answer in favor of the prior rights of the crown and peerage, but this—our constitution is a prescriptive constitution; it is a constitution whose sole authority is, that it has existed time out of mind. Your king, your judges and juries, great and little, all are prescriptive; and what proves it is the disputes not yet concluded, and never near becoming so, when any of them first originated. Prescription—is a better presumption even of the choice of a nation, far better than any sudden and temporary arrangement by actual election."—*Reform of Representatives*. 1782. vol. 5. p. 366.

Let us now look at his views on the same topic, after the revolution.

"According to this spiritual doctrine of politics, if his majesty does not owe his crown to the choice of his people, he is no lawful king. Now nothing can be more untrue than that the crown of this kingdom is so held by his majesty. Therefore if you follow this rule, the king of Great Britian, who most certainly does not owe his office to any form of popular election, is in no respect better than the rest of the gang of usurpers who reign, or rather rob all over the face of this our miserable world, without any sort of title to the allegiance of their people."—*Reflections*. vol. 3. p. 31. 1791.

"You say they, (the revolutionists) consider our house of commons as only 'a semblance,' 'a theory,' 'a shadow,' 'a form,' 'a mockery,' perhaps 'a nuisance.' Their principle, if you observe it with any attention, goes much further than to an alteration of the election of the house of commons; for if popular representation or choice, is necessary to the legitimation of all government, the house of lords is at one stroke bastardised and corrupted in blood. That house is no representative of the people at all, even in semblance or in form. The case of the crown is altogether as bad."—*Reflections*, p. 75.

Compare also on this subject and on the impossibility of impeaching either king, lord or commons, vol. 7, p. 113, with vol. 3, p. 46, 47, one written before, and one after the revolution. Nothing but the most stupid ignorance or wicked enmity could ever pervert the evident meaning of these passages, so as to draw from them the slightest foundation for a charge of inconsistency in the political principles of the writer.

But suppose the sentence in the first quotation on this subject—"The king is the representative of the people; so are the lords"—disjoined from the context, and placed in contrast with one in the last—"that house (of Lords) is no representative of the people in semblance or in form, and the case of the crown is altogether as bad"—then a dishonest and malignant mind might easily, in appearance, establish the accusation. Just in this unprincipled manner do the enemies of Burke distort his writings. An ignorant or superficial reader would likewise be very apt to imagine a contradiction in the sentiments, when a thoughtful observer would instantly perceive their true meaning. Logically connected, they stand thus, "If you tell me that the house of commons is peculiarly the representative of the people, because from them it has its derivation, I answer that in this sense, the king is also the representative of the people, and so are the lords. They also, originally derive their power from the people, and continue in possession of it for their benefit; since no power is given for the sole sake of the holder. But if you say that the choice and actual election of the people is necessary to constitute a popular representative, then I tell you that in this sense, neither the king, nor the house of lords is a representation of the people at all, even in semblance or in power."

(To be continued.)

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

The poet speaks
of the early
times of poetry,
of Chaucer, and
Spencer, and
poets now for-
gotten.

THERE shone a light on the eastern world,
From here and there a star—
And the banner of genius was half unfurled,
And its waving heard from afar—
But those stars in the heaven of poetry waned,
And went out one by one—
Till only a few dim lights remained,
Where needed a noon-day sun—
But still the broad banner was heard to wave—
When the winds from the heavens a free breath gave.

Of Shakspeare.

And still there shone a doubtful light—
When up in that heaven there came
A single star, yet it shone so bright,
That it lighted the sky with its flame—
And many a pageant was passing there,
And moving through the sky—
Dim visions in the unquiet air—
Great shadows, up on high—
The mighty men of the aged earth,
Were passing there at a wizard's mirth.

Of Milton, his
beauty, and his
sublimity.

And then there rose so bright a one,
That hardly an eagle's eye,
That gazes unquelled at the brightest sun,
Could look as that star passed by—
And yet, at times—with a sea of light,
He shone out—like the moon ;
And when his flashes came fierce and bright,
You would sorrow 'twas passed so soon—
The very depths of the hidden hell—
That fierce light showed with its fearful spell.

Of the age of
Pope and Dry-
den.

And now the darkness fled away—
For a gallant array was seen
All over the heaven—a gallant array
It was in star-light and sheen—
And yet it moved with a cumbrous strength,
As an armed host would march ;
Till over the heavens it stood at length,
A vast and glowing arch—
And cast its light o'er the joyous earth,
As it had given the day-light birth.

The poet now
comes to the
time of the liv-
ing poets.

There passed a time—and a gallant show
Of light, came up the sky ;
And many a bright and a wayward star,
Came trooping wildly by,
Till the great bright arch was overpowered,
By the wayward meteor rays,
That ever like golden rain they showered,
As they shot a thousand ways,
In a course, though wild, that was never done,
Till the heavens were one wide burning sun.

And a broad proud banner stood up on the earth,
And floated out to the sky,
And many a song, and a shout of mirth,
And a cry of joy went by.
Rejoicing and light, now came over the world,
For genius had her noon-day,
And her banner again in the air was unfurled
That long in darkness lay ;
And now that banner flew out to the sky,
And hailed the stars that were trooping by.

He names By-
ron,

Full many an hour would it need to tell
Of those wayward stars by name,
That never in any place do dwell,
But move with a flashing flame.
Yet there was one—as the rest he spurned,
He dwelt in the heights of the sky !
And ever a fierce red flame he burned,
And no star came him nigh--
A fierce and glowing star was he---
Full bright he shone---but gloomily.

And Scott,

And there was one, who rode along
Demurely, through the sky ;
And the light he shed was pure and strong,
As the light of a woman's eye ;
And though he loved full oft to rove,
And over the sky was gone ;
Yet the Scottish hills he more did love---
His home—to shine upon ;
And a wind has waved the banner folds
Over his country's proud strong-holds.

And Coleridge.

And a wayward comet was flashing there--
And he shone upon the sea ;
Where a spectre-bark, like a thing of air,
Was moving wearily ;

He shot away, from sphere to sphere
 With a strange and reckless speed ;
 With a flight of beauty---a flight of fear---
 Where none had dared to lead ;
 And every ray that from him fell,
 Went into the soul, like a secret spell.

* — *
 *

He speaks too
 of the western
 half of the
 earth.

A light hath come from the western world---
 Of here and there a star ;
 Yet hardly a wave of her light hath curled,
 Where the western glories are.
 Can this be all that the earth shall see
 Of the light, from our land shall flow ?
 From every heart, may the answer be,
 With a brave, proud daring---no !
 No---many a one in his blaze shall defy
 The brightest star in the eastern sky.

A. P.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

A portrait of Wordsworth hangs before us—an ample, contemplative, intellectual head, with the serene and loving humanity of his writings stamped legibly upon every feature. The outline of the face is exceedingly strong—the forehead unusually high, the nose clearly and finely chiselled, and the mouth and jaw indicative of great firmness and power. His eye is the least attractive feature, being, with all its mildness and thoughtfulness, small, and, if the painter has drawn it truly, dull. Altogether it is a highly characteristic and gratifying picture, and, as a likeness of the noblest and most genial philanthropist whose cordial love for his race has ever been breathed into language, we could not forbear making you, dear reader, though it were ever so imperfectly, a sharer in our pleasure. If Wordsworth had never written poetry, and we could, by any other means, have known the depth and tenderness of his great nature, we should, above all other men, have loved and revered him. His poetry has a charm, and a strong one, but it is because we see the man through it, that we keep it freshly on our lips, and use it as the voice of our own affections. The truth is, that we know no such thing as an abstract impression of the works of any living author. The moment a man comes before the public in these days of universal curiosity, a thousand circumstances of

his personal character and habits transpire. He is known and criticised in connection with his books, or even separately, and the reader sits down to his perusal with prejudices and partialities which affect very essentially the aspect and tone of his productions. This is well sometimes---but far otherwise, in the great majority of instances. There are few men, who, like Wordsworth, have lived apart, in simple and unaffected fondness for retirement and study. His life has been, what few men can make theirs, one of pure contemplation. He has never come into collision with the interests of those who would reverse and discolor his virtues if provoked to it, and the only enmity he has had to contend with, has been that of mere malice and hypercriticism, preying upon him with no stronger motive than the necessity for food, and of course very ineffectual against such inevitable merit. The beautiful tissue of his character has thus been kept white and unstained, which, if it had been near enough for the world to reach, might not have escaped the "unwashed hands of calumny." Wordsworth stands out from his contemporaries therefore, with a singular moral purity and distinctness. He is known only as the philosopher, the lover of his fellow creatures, the high-minded, secluded student—and there is a wonderful disposition in the world-weary and disappointed mind to admire and exaggerate a character and life so different from its own.

Blessings on his head who first invented *digression*! How should we write—how should we talk—how should we spice an article, or avoid entanglements in a *tete-a-tete*—how should we do anything, but vegetate like the dull weed in the river we read of, if it were not for this sweet privilege? Its discovery is one of the exponents of the age. We shall be remembered by Steam and Digression when Sam. Patch is forgotten.

Speaking of Wordsworth, we have lately had in our possession an English edition of Coleridge. It contains in three volumes, all his original works, up to a late period, some of which, (as the "Biographia Literaria") have been published in this country. Among the things not known here, except through English books, are his tragedies of 'Remorse' and 'Zapoyla.' The first, from which we shall presently make an extract, is the better of the two, and written with more of the character usually ascribed to the author's mind. It is more intellectual than passionate, more subtle than powerful, more classical than racy or rich. It is a fine specimen of transparent, finished, well-wrought workmanship. Mr. Coleridge is an example of the effect of an extreme metaphysical nicety upon poetic temperament. He

knows too much. He is like the man who was afraid to breathe after hearing a lecture on anatomy. The imagination, must be fearless and unconscious to act freely, and he who hesitates to use a thought till he has trimmed its minutest associations into perfect proportion, will not only destroy the luxuriance of those he finally adopts, but will throw aside as useless the richest fruits of his fancy. There is half a truth in the assertion that learning is the bane of a poet. A metaphysical eye detects fallacies in the most closely woven webs of fiction. Byron and Shelley owe half their reputation to the daring and unhesitating boldness of their pencillings, and we dare write it down as our sober opinion, that their poetry would well nigh have been tamed to mediocrity, had they been critical scholars. We would by no means discourage study. Let a man who means to write, heap up as he will the golden ores of antiquity—but we would warn him, while he does it, against looking into their secrets with too curious a chemistry. There is such a thing as *generalizing*, in knowledge. One man walks round a Grecian temple and looks closely into the fashion of its arches, and measures the bases of its pillars and the depth of its foundations, while another stands off and gazes on its fair proportions and takes in the effect of its magnificent outline and its perfect whole. We would not be misunderstood. We believe with Coleridge himself, that “Poetry, even the loftiest, has a logic of its own, as severe as that of Science, and more difficult”—but the “logic” is that of beauty and not of remote proprieties. It is the singer’s tone, and not his sentiment—the player’s skill, and not his private fitness for the character, which we criticise. When we talk of a *generalizing* talent, we do not mean an indiscriminate heaping of a whole subject together—a broad grasp at all the tangled threads of association. We would have power and extent, but we would have judgment also. To illustrate it by an unclassical figure, the resolute “whip” is not he who draws his horse down upon his haunches at every break of his paces, but he who, with a steady and judicious rein, still keeps him in the freest action. John Neal, for example, if he were to drive as he writes, would either break his neck by precipitation, or tear his horse out of his harness by the abrupt violence of his check. He has power but not skill. The medium we would arrive at is something equally distant from the cautious fastidiousness of Coleridge, and the headlong recklessness of Croly.* The player upon the harp who should break its strings in

* See a Review in a previous page, of Salathiel. We think our able correspondent correct in the main, though we would abate something from his severity.

his enthusiasm would no less mar the music than he whose hesitating fingers played faintly, or out of time.

In the Tragedy of "Remorse," Ordonio, the second son of a Spanish Grandee, for the love of a lady to whom Alvar, his elder brother, is affianced, hires assassins to murder him. In the following scene he meets Isidore, the chief assassin—a noble Moor, who was induced to the crime from a false representation by Ordonio.

"(Ordonio darkly, and in the feeling of self justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person.)

Ordonio. Thyself be judge !
One of our family knew this place well.

Isidore. Who? when? my lord?

Ordonio. What boots it, who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

[They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.]

He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them—yet revered himself.

Isidore (aside.) He? He despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself?
I am on my guard however: no surprise.

[Then to Ordonio]

What—he was mad?

Ordonio. All men seemed mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.

Isidore. [aside] Of himself he speaks.
Alas! poor wretch!

Mad men are mostly proud.

Ordonio. He walked alone,
And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities: And with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest.
To this in moody manner and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:
The man who heard him—

Why didst thou look round?

Isidore. I have a prattler three years old, my lord—
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door he made a moan in sleep:
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what *did* this man?

Ordonio. With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.
Well, it was done!

[Then, very wildly]

Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?

Isidore. I would, my lord, you were by my fire side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
But I do listen—pray proceed my lord.

Ordonio. Where was I?

Isidore. He of whom you tell the tale.

Ordonio. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—And such he seemed!
But that same over ready agent—he—

Isidore. Ah! what of *him* my lord?

Ordonio. He proved a traitor—
Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor—
And they between them, hatched a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it—

[*Ordonio grasps his sword and turns off from Isidore, then
after a pause returns.*]

Our lights burn dimly.

Isidore. A dark tale darkly finished! Say, my lord!
Tell what he did

Ordonio. That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the Traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he killed the Traitor.

Isidore. No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor, thick-eyed beetle! not to have forseen
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie,
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

Ordonio. Thou would'st not then have come if—

Isidore. Oh yes, my lord!
I would have met him armed, and scared the coward.

[*Isidore throws off his robe; shews himself armed, and draws
his sword.*]

Ordonio. Now, this is excellent, and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my Vengeance
Beckons me onward with a Warrior's mien,
And claims that life, my pity robbed her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

Isidore. And all my little ones are fatherless?—

Die thou first!

[*They fight, Ordonio disarms Isidore, and in disarming him throws his sword up
that recess opposite to which they were standing. Isidore hurries into the recess
with his torch, Ordonio follows him; a loud cry of "Traitor! Monster!" is heard
from the cavern, and in a moment Ordonio returns alone.*]

This is all clear and unexceptionable, but it wants richness—drapery—depth. That scene, if Byron had written it, would have been overflowing with passion and power. Instead of a cool, metaphysical portrait of his character, Ordonio would have startled Isidore with abrupt flashes of the feelings uppermost at the moment—jealousy, and hatred. A villain of such water as he, is scarcely the shrewd philosopher Coleridge makes him. And yet this is one of the best scenes in the play—a beautiful one, to be sure—but hardly answering the purpose for which it was professedly written. It is only poetical, when it was meant to be dramatic

There is a fine trait running through all this author's miscellaneous writings—one, indeed, that is always found in some degree in the works of every truly great mind—a love, cordial and universal, for all who are gifted like himself. There is no jealousy to be found—no pique or envy to be traced in all his criticisms. He is fair and generous and kind, without being at all indiscriminate, and seems to have a cheerful and constant affection always alive in his mind. His remarks upon Southey and Wordsworth and Bowles, as specimens of noble and magnanimous criticism are unequalled. It is a virtue, in an atmosphere of rudeness and superciliousness like that of English literature, which stands out like a rainbow on a dark cloud. The same high-heartedness is visible in his appreciation of poetry. He says in the Preface to one of his books:—"I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings, and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward.' " It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discern the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." This is the true dignity of Genius.

Mr. Coleridge has shown, occasionally, a power of expression in *naïve* and exquisite feeling, which is peculiar to himself. His "Genievie," and his pieces upon his children, are delightfully pure and touching. He is sometimes, too, very like to Wordsworth. In the following passage we can scarce believe we do not recognize a part of the Excursion:—

"With other ministrations thou, O nature,
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child.
Thou pourest on him thy sunny influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods and winds and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing,
Amidst this general dance and minstrelsy,
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Coleridge is not an author to be lightly criticised, and we have recorded his name on our tablets as a subject for study and deliberate criticism. Some day when we can "tie up the knocker," we shall sit down to it *con amore*.

A spring day has burst upon us in December. Here we sit—a South window open on one side and our quiet Lehigh glowing on the other, and we scarce know whether the constant warmth of the one, or the fresh sunny breathings from the other, are the most welcome.

Our curtains swing lazily to the mild wind as it enters, and the light green leaves of our sheltered flowers stir and erect themselves with an out-of-door vigor, and the shuffled steps and continued voices of the children in the street, have the loitering and summer-like sound of June. We do not know whether it is not a cockney feeling, but with all our love for the country, fixed as it is by the recollections of a life mostly spent in the "green fields" we sometimes "babble of," there is something in a summer morning in the city, which the wet, warm woods, and the solitary, though lonely, haunts of the country, do not, after all the poetry that has been "spilt upon them" (as Neal would say) at all equal. Whether it is that we find so much sympathy in the many faces that we meet, made happy by the same sweet influences, or whatever else may be the reason, *certes*, we never take our morning walk on such a day as the delicious one now about us, without a leaping in our heart, which, from all we can gather by dream or revelation, has a touch in it of Paradise. We returned just now from an hour's ramble after breakfast. The air rushed past our temples with the grateful softness of Spring, and our feet bent up from the moist sidewalk with a sensation of grace, and every face that passed us had the open, inhaling expression, which is given by the simple joy of existence. The sky had the deep clearness of noon. The clouds were winnowed in light parallel curves, looking like white shells inlaid on the arched Heavens; the smooth, glassy bay, was like a transparent abyss opening to the earth's centre, and edging away underneath with a slope of hills and spires and leafless woods, copied minutely and perfectly from the upper landscape, and the naked elms seemed almost clothed as the teeming eye looked on them, and the brown hills took a tint of green—so freshly did the summer fancies crowd into the brain with the summer softness of the sunshine and air. The mood is rare in which the sight of human faces does not give us pleasure. It is a curious occupation to look on them as they pass, and study their look and meaning, and wonder at the Providence of God, which can provide in this crowded world, an object and an interest for all. With what a singular harmony the great machine of society goes on! So many thousand minds, and each with its peculiar cast and its positive difference from its fellow, and yet no dangerous interference, and no discord audible above the hum of its daily revolution. We could not help feeling a religious thrill this morning, as we passed face after face, with this thought in our mind, and saw each one earnest and cheerful, each one pressing on with its own object without waiting or caring for the equally engrossing object of the other. The man of business went

on with an absorbed look, caring only to thread his way rapidly along the street. The student strided by with the step of exercise, his lips parted to admit the pleasant air to his refreshed lungs, and his eye wandering with bewildered pleasure from object to object. The schoolboy looked wistfully up and down the street, and lingered till the last stroke of the bell summoned him tardily in. The womanish school-girl, with her veil coquettishly drawn, still flirted with her boyish admirer, though it was "after nine," and the child with its soiled satchel and shining face, loitered seriously along the sidewalk, making acquaintance with every dog, and picking up every stone on its unwilling way. The spell of the atmosphere was universal, and yet all kept on their several courses, and the busy harmony of employment went steadily and unbrokenly on. How rarely we turn upon ourselves and remember how wonderfully we are made and governed!

You will draw a long breath, dear reader, after such a digression. This passion for rambling is, as you see, a fever in our brain. We had almost forgotten that a fair copy of the *Talisman* lies waiting for notice upon our Table.

This is the month for *Souvenirs*, and it is really quite bewildering to go into a Bookstore and look over the shining array of pictures and binding. It is like coming to a rich feast—the appetite is driven back by the very profusion. For ourselves we never read them, and it is only when we hear in society of something in them that is remarkable, that we take the pains to look it out and remember it. There was the "Lovers' Quarrel," for instance, and the story of "Eugene Aram," and "Parthian Darts"—all gems and rare ones too, for they are all we remember of the whole age of *Annals*. The *London Literary Souvenir* is by general consent, the best written and best adorned of the English. Of the American *Annals*, the one before us is incomparably the best written. It is understood to be got up by a club of writers, who, like the "Lake Poets" in England, are quite a school by themselves. It is the brightest constellation of talent we have to boast. Bryant, and Paulding, and Verplanck, and Sands, and Halleck, (who compose it) are all men of distinct genius—distinct both from each other and the age. The fashion of the time does not seem to affect them in their united circle. Their styles are peculiar, and though, in some respects, faulty, still, we think, vigorous and racy. We do not include Bryant in this last remark, for he is superior, far, to them all, and probably indeed, to all other American Poets. We wish his pure spirit would become oftener visible. There is nothing born now-a-days of poetry and genius, which compares, in our estima-

tion, with the severe, transparent, faultless beauty of his productions. He who can find a more beautiful thing than the following among all that has been written since Byron, has been more successful than we in his fugitive reading :—

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day ;
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow—
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest—
Summoning from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast ;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change
That is the life of nature, shall restore
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more ;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;
And listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

We dare say, dear reader, you are too innocent to know that a *very* good book, to a critic, is a *very* great bore. It is as stupid to *praise*, as it is to be virtuous. There are no “cakes and ale” to it. We have been sitting here these last five minutes writing out large the words “excellent,” “capital,” “beautiful,” “chaste,” just to see why it was that they were so infinitely more dismal-looking than

"wishy-washy," "flimsy," "abominable," and such like dictionary blackguards. We wish things would go by contraries for a month—What an interesting review we could write of Dana, and Bryant, and Percival, and the rest of the sacred names, about which we are so stupidly sensible! Here is the Talisman now! a book of three hundred pages, which we read (or rather laughed) through, pencil in hand, to the last page, without having etched a single "*dele*"* on the margin. The Beginning is "good." The Indian Spring "excellent," Telemachus Moritis, "touching," Ghosts on the Stage "sensible," The Whirlwind "affecting," The Peregrinations of Petrus Mudd, "capital," the Scenes in Washington "glorious," Association, "ingenious," Phanette des Gantelmes, "classical and delicate," the Marriage Blunder, "admirable," Gelyna "pathetic," and the Reminiscences of New-York "delightful," "original," and "*a la Salmagundi*." What can a critic do? Abuse the plates? They do not pretend to excellence. Every body knows that fact, and what every body knows, no judicious critic will ever admit to be true. We wish we knew some private scandal about the writers. If Paulding was only a dandy, now, or Halleck a great beau, or if Sands were only notoriously idle or irreligious, or Bryant "ignorant of our existence"—or if Verplanck did not take our Magazine—why, then we should have fair cause, *a la code critique*, to make a spicy, racy, smart, popular, abusive article on the book they have written. As it is, we are in despair. Praise, we cannot—it is too Gothic. Extract we will not—we have no room. We will recommend to you to buy it, thereby pleasing, at least, the publisher, and let it pass.

The "Hobby of Education" is as well ridden now as Pegasus or Eclipse. There has been more of the age's time and talent spent upon it than upon any other new theory since the virgin announcement of Captain Symmes, or the virgin theory of Miss Wright. Schools are as dignified, *now*, as colleges were in our day. Boys are publishing periodicals, and every seminary has its "Juvenile Monthly," and for aught we can see, the *rising* generation bids fair to overtake the *risen*. If the process of acceleration can be kept up, indeed, they will shortly outstrip us. Who knows? It was as probable a year ago that an idea would be hatched by steam, as a chicken—as likely that a boy might digest geometry like gingerbread, as that a man would drink boiling lead, and sit, uncrisped, in an oven, till his meat baked beside him. It is an age of *startling*.

* *Dele*, in printers' Latin, is a mark of disapprobation. How the "devil" came to be so classical, we leave to commentators.

Mr. Peters walks on the wall, and steam-carriages travel thirty miles in the hour, and Sam Patch leaps Niagara, and (*paullo majora*) a literary magazine succeeds in America. We have taken a vow to be surprised at nothing. If pigs run about roasted, and cry "eat me"—if the earth turns on its axle by steam—if Sam Patch *redivivus* leaps up Niagara—if a certain Dominie-Sampson-looking Editor becomes a gentleman—if anything happens except General Jackson's *apotheosis*, or the conflagration of the world, we have sworn not even to look up from our table. *Omnia possumus* is our motto henceforth.

We were led to these remarks by a book which lies before us called "Lectures on Schoolkeeping," by Samuel R. Hall—a book full of serious and useful truth, notwithstanding our levity. Its character is more positively practical and to the point, than any of the thousand and one treatises on Education which the modern enthusiasm on the subject has produced—and we have read. Mr. Hall's book is quite interesting, even to one who has no ambition to wield the ferule. A single extract will express its character better than an elaborate criticism, for which we have no time.

"There are some seasons when impressions may be made on the minds of the young, much more favourably than at others. The attention is awake, the mind becomes amused and impressions then made will be more lasting, than when the mind is not excited. Such seasons should be regarded as a seed-time, which if improved by the teacher, may be the means of producing very important fruits. I shall be best understood, by example."

"It was a chilly day of winter, and we were all seated in a comfortable school-room. A man of most wretched appearance was seen passing by, drawing a hand-sled, on which were several bundles of woollen rags, the remnants of garments worn till they could be of no further use. He was clad in those but little better, and was apparently so weak as to be scarcely able to draw his sled.—Some looked out of the window and began to laugh. The instructor saw him, and remarked, the school may rise, and all look at that wretched man passing by.—All did so, and nearly all were diverted to laughter. After all had seen him, the master told them they might take their seats, and then remarked: 'I was willing you should look at that man, but possibly my object was very different from yours, as I see the effect on your feelings was very different from what was produced on mine. That miserable man, you may at once perceive, is crazy. He has bundles of rags on his sled, which, perhaps, he values, but which can be of no service to him. You perceived he looked pale and emaciated; he was so weak as scarcely to be able to draw his load. He is very poorly shielded from the cold of winter, and will very probably perish in the snow.—Now tell me, my scholars, does this man excite your laughter? He was once a school-boy; he was bright and active as any of you; his return from school was welcomed by joyful parents, and his presence gave pleasure to the youthful throng who met each other in a winter evening for merriment and sport. Look at him now, and can you sport with him who has lost his reason, and, in losing that, has lost all? Should I point to one of you, and be able by looking down into future years, to say to the rest, your associate will hereafter be crazy and roam around, a wretched maniac, would you not rather weep than laugh? You saw me affected when I began to speak—I will tell you why.—I once had a friend.—He was dear to me as a brother; he was every thing I could wish in a friend. The character of his mind was such, as raised in his friends high expectations. I have indeed, seldom, if ever seen his equal. He could grasp any subject, and what others found difficult, only served as amusement

for him. I have many of his letters which would not disgrace any well-educated man, although written by him, when he was a school-boy. I expected to see him taking a lead in the affairs of men, and that his opinions would be quoted by others. I saw him after an absence of two years—where, do you ask? It was in a cage, and even then he was chained!! He was a maniac of the most decided character. The moment he saw me, he seized my hand, and left on it the impression of his own, for it was divested of the skin, by constantly rubbing it in the other. For years, he has wandered about, when it was safe to liberate him. But he is now, and he always will be insane.”

“I have known sorrow—I have seen friends die that were as near as friends could be; but, the hour that I sat by the confined and crazy Bernet, *was an hour of the greatest anguish I ever knew*. Remember, my pupils, from what has passed this hour, to render unfeigned thanks to God for continuing your reason hitherto, and if ever again you are disposed to laugh, when a crazy man passes, remember what *may be* your own condition hereafter.”

Twin-born with Mr. Hall's Book, of the same press, size and complexion, but a very different affair in every other particular, is “Ramon the Rover.” We do not object to bloody murder stories, if they are spiced properly and well done—but this is neither. In addition to the horrors of piracy quite sufficiently full of the incident usual in such stories, one suffers, what is incomparably worse, a separate horror of the author's style. Ten well told murders, we are inclined to think, would not make a man of nice sympathies so nervous, as ten consecutive sentences from Ramon the Rover.

We had prepared to notice at some length, Mrs. S. C. Hall's Sketches of Irish character and several other entertaining new books—but the articles of our correspondents have crowded us and we must omit them till our next number. Before we leave the Table, however, we have an explanation or two to make for which we trust our Readers will excuse us. We have a great horror of egotism, with all our indulgence of it, and would forswear the offensive pronoun if it were possible, hence forward. But as will be seen, we are still forced to it, and we fear, after all our exertions, that the odious “*c'est moi*,” will be set down for our epitaph.

We remarked of the “Torn Hat” last month, that it was the only attempt we had made at poetry since our minority. Our friend, Mr. Buckingham, takes us up, upon this, and quoting some Lines from the late London Literary Souvenir, asks us, (very fairly) to reconcile their date with our assertion. If we had written those lines expressly for the London Annual, or even sent them, we would knock under at once—but we did not, and this alters the case, as we shall explain presently. We certainly have *written rhymes* since our minority! We have written hymns for charitable societies, and New Years' addresses for our friend the Carrier, and songs for a sweet voice we wot of—we have sung the praises of Miss “Polly Dolly Low,” and graced the

breakfast plates of all the brides in our circle with epithalamia—we have epigrammatised bores, and blotted in Albums, and played at games of rhyme round an evening table—we will not swear indeed that we have not written an Ode upon Good Nature, dedicated to Mr. Buckingham himself—but no *poetry*. Poetry as we reckon it, is a different affair from all this. We can write *rhymes* with one hand, and play cock-horse with Mr. B's bright eyed child (a little cherub we stop to caress in the street sometimes) with the other. But *poetry* is labor—the hardest labor we do. A verse is a good day's work, and a graceful turn of thought or expression enough to keep us happy till we read the Courier again. The piece called "My Birth Day," in the London Souvenir, was written in a blank leaf of a barber's Testament while waiting to be shaved. It was printed in a newspaper by the officious kindness of a friend, and how it got to London, Mr. Buckingham knows as well as we. We have received a letter from the Editor, Mr. Alaric Watts, in which he says, the other American poems (those of Mrs. Embury, Morris, and some other writer whose name we have forgotten) were sent to him, but that he took the Birth Day, of his own will, from an American publication. We certainly have no objection to the compliment, accompanied as it was with a copy of the book and a set of his own poems, but the piece was not what we are willing to let go for poetry, notwithstanding. It was careless, crude and clumsy, and therefore, we beg permission of the Courier to say, a different matter from the "Torn Hat"—a piece which we sat down deliberately to write, and which is polished as highly as we are capable of polishing anything. Mr. Buckingham himself says he would praise it if we had not deprecated "praise from blockhead Editors"—an evidence at once, of our own merit and his remarkable modesty. With the exception of that piece, we have written no *poetry*, (such as we should expect to see quoted in the columns of the Courier,) since our escape from tutors. Whether our fastidiousness has outgrown our ability, or whether the passions for poetry and potatoes decline together in the progress of refinement, we know not—but we are weary of it. We would as lief write a history of Mr. Buckingham's politics as make the attempt, any day. We are sorry to have taken so much time upon a point so trivial, but the Reader can scarcely be aware, how happy "we small fry" are to be permitted to break a lance with our betters. It will hardly be believed, we dare swear, that the evidence of Mr. Buckingham's having read our magazine, is an ample atonement for any blot he may have cast on our veracity.

One difficulty more. In a Review of Mr. Sprague's Poem, in our October number, we alluded with some feeling to a harsh criticism in which the author's closing lines were called "*sycophancy*." We had not then seen the paragraph and did not know the author of it. It was mentioned by a friend at table, and either from some allusion of his, or because we have got into the habit of crediting everything ungenerous and vulgar to one source, we supposed it came from a paper which circulates in the lowest channels of society, and which had formerly, as we heard, been particularly abusive of this gentleman. We do not abate a particle of our disapprobation of the charge. We think it unjust in the highest degree—but an error of judgment in a noble mind, may go as far in its impetuous rashness as the malice of a scoundrel. Had we known Mr. Otis to be the author of the paragraph, we should not the less angrily have defended Mr. Sprague—but we should have attributed his prejudice, at the same time to a more honest motive. We have seen a great deal of Mr. Otis. We know he is hasty and violent by constitution, and, like all men of this temperament, subject to unqualified and strong prejudices—but with all this we believe he has an honorable and true heart, and would rather cut off his hand than write down a sentiment he did not heartily believe. We cannot conceive how a nature like this could mistake a spirit like Sprague's—but so it is! We regret it, but we shall not the less hold up a shield before the man we love and honor, because a friend, in his mistaken madness, is the assailant.

SONG.

As that high mounting bird, who, ere
 The reddening day break, plumes his wings,
 And upward soaring, loud and clear,
 To the glad morning stars he sings;—
 Yet having hailed the orient day,
 Bethinks him of his partner's breast,
 And from the stars and golden clouds
 Drops gently to his happy nest.

Even so would I, who, many a lay
 Have utter'd but for idle fame,
 Chaffering my bosom thoughts away
 In purchase of an empty name—
 Now like that high and noble bird
 Forget whate'er could once enthrall,
 While closer to my breast I fold
 Thee—thee my own—my love,—my all. E. T.

